The Outlook

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A well-known authority on household matters says: Window shades are all well enough for utility but curtains are needed to give a room a really *furnished* air.

In other words, curtains are ornamental rather than useful. In order that they may serve the purpose for which they are intended —"give a room a really furnished air"—they must harmonize with the other furnishings in it; and they *must be clean.*

That brings up the question: How do *you* wash *your* curtains?

There are twenty wrong ways; only one right way.

The right way is easy. The wrong ways are hard; hard on the curtains; doubly hard on the temper.

This is the right way

Shake and brush curtains to remove the dust. Mend breaks. Soak in Ivory Soap suds and cold water for two hours, or over night if that is more convenient. Work the curtains gently up and down in the water and squeeze them between the hands to get the dirt out. Put them into clean warm suds with ammonia added, and keep changing the water until the curtains are clean. Never wring curtains by hand; lay them on a strip of cloth and put carefully through the wringer. Rinse well in several waters, and put through hot, moderately thick starch. If the curtains are white, the starch should be blued; if cream colored, strong coffee should be added to it. Pin each point carefully to the drying frame and set in the air to dry. Two or three curtains may be dried at the same time on one frame. If you have no frame, lay clean sheets over the floor of an unused room, stretch the curtains into shape, and pin each point so that it will not slip. If points are out of shape when dry, they may be dampened with a cloth and ironed.

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The Outlook

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1906

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Cuba and the United States

President Roosevelt's letter to the Cuban Minister to the United States, Señor Quesada, not only conveys, to use his own phrase, a word of solemn warning to the Cuban people, but discusses with clearness and force the nature of the relations of the two countries, present and future. No one can possibly doubt the sincerity of President Roosevelt in declaring that it was a matter of pride to him personally to withdraw American troops from Cuba, proclaim her independence, and wish her God-speed in her career as a free republic. In this pride all Americans share, and equally so in his hope that Cuba may continue to develop and to know and practice orderly liberty. Her actual advance in prosperity has, in fact, been remarkable. But, reluctant as the people of the United States must be to interfere or intervene in Cuban affairs, it is the duty of the United States, under the treaty between the two countries, to intervene if necessary for the maintenance in Cuba of a government adequate for the protection of life, property, and individual liberty. Such intervention should not be for slight cause. The President says: "Our intervention in Cuban affairs will *only* come if Cuba herself shows that she has fallen into the insurrectionary habit, that she lacks the self-restraint necessary to peaceful self-government, and that her contending factions have plunged the country into anarchy." Coming to the actual condition in Cuba at the present moment, the President plainly and positively says:

> The information at hand shows that the social bonds throughout the island have been so relaxed that life, property, and individual liberty are no longer safe. I have received authentic information of injury to, and destruction of, American property. It is, in my judgment, imperative for the sake of Cuba that there shall be an immediate cessation of hostilities and some arrangement which will secure the permanent pacification of the island.

Nothing could be more forcible in its appeal to Cuban patriotism and reason than the President's words: "I solemnly adjure all Cuban patriots to band together to sink all differences and personal ambition, and to remember that the only way that they can preserve the independence of the republic is to prevent the necessity of outside interference by rescuing it from the anarchy of civil war." The spirit of the President's letter is admirable, and it may well go far toward rendering armed intervention unnecessary.

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The Situation in Havana

The intention of our Government to proceed deliberately and wisely in this Cuban crisis is shown by the decision, reached at a conference in which most of the Cabinet took part, that Secretary Taft and Mr. Bacon, the Assistant Secretary of State, should at once go to Havana as representatives of the United States, and should there undertake such an investigation as shall enable our Government to act with full knowledge. It is at least possible that the presence of men of such high official standing and personal ability as Secretary Taft and Mr. Bacon may have influence in bringing about a peaceful settlement of the issues between the two Cuban factions. In particular, Mr. Taft's experience as a pacificator and administrator in the Philippines should be of value. The landing of a force of marines at Havana from our war-ships is to be justified at the present juncture only so far as it was necessary for the protection of American property and the safety of American citizens. Commander Colwell, of the Denver, in

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landing these troops, complied with the request of Mr. Sleeper, the American Chargé d'Affaires at Havana, and in so doing, it is understood, followed exactly his instructions from Washington. Mr. Sleeper may have overestimated the immediate danger to American citizens; and it was apparently with this belief that the Government at Washington ordered at once the withdrawal of the marines, except a small number to be held as a guard to the American Legation. Mr. Sleeper based his request for the landing of an American force upon an answer by President Palma to a question from Mr. Sleeper as to the ability of the Cuban Government to protect American interests in Havana. President Palma replied that he hoped that the Government could do this, but expressed a willingness that American marines might be landed. This, it should be noted, is a far different thing from a request by President Palma for the landing of American forces to support himself against the insurgents. The fact that the marines were at first encamped in the Plaza opposite the President's Palace led to the erroneous report that Mr. Palma had asked for American protection for himself and his Government. The offer of some of the insurgent leaders near Havana to surrender to American officers can hardly be taken seriously, as it is perfectly evident that American officers could have no authority to receive such a surrender until after our Government should have formally expressed its intentions to intervene.

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President Palma on the Cuban Crisis

The Cuban Congress assembled last week, and although both Houses lacked quorums, a bill was passed which conferred full powers upon President Palma to carry on war against the insurgents. The special powers included the right to appropriate any public funds for war purposes, and to increase the number of the rural guard and of the regular troops—things that could not be done by the President under his ordinary constitutional powers. President Palma, in his message, expressed his surprise that "with the prosperity of the country and the well-being of the people so advancing, with millions in the treasury after paying $19,000,000 to the army of liberation and investing $11,000,000 in public improvements, and with such splendid credit abroad, there should be Cubans who would conspire to change the constitutional order by placing armed force, violence, and anarchy before law, order, and peace, to the country's shame and sorrow." Mr. Palma outlined the course of the rebellion in the provinces of Pinar del Rio, Havana, and Santa Clara, and admitted that its advance had been so rapid and the centers of disturbance so far removed that, with the present force at command, it was impossible to prevent the insurgents from entering towns and destroying property. All reports received in this country from Cuba indicate that the number of insurgents in arms has been largely increased by accessions from the great body of unemployed laborers who just now, owing to bad agricultural conditions, swarm throughout the rural regions, and are in want of food as well as of employment. The leaders of the insurgents have shown great boldness in attacking and sometimes plundering towns of considerable size, but evidently do not mean to bring on a general engagement with Government troops in any of the three provinces which are in a disturbed condition. The repeated reports that Havana itself was likely to be attacked are probably without foundation, although fighting has taken place within ten miles of the capital, and bridges have been destroyed near the town of Cabanas.

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The Prohibition Issue in Maine

In Maine last week the Republican Governor of the State, William T. Cobb, was reelected by a very greatly reduced vote. In round numbers, his plurality was eight thousand, as against the normal Republican plurality of about three times that number. The Republican party had declared against the resubmission to the people of the prohibitory law. The Democratic candidate, Mr. Davis, made his campaign on that issue. The result

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was that of the twenty cities of the State all but four of the smaller ones were in favor of the Democratic candidate. The country districts, which do not suffer, as do the cities, from the open violation of the prohibitory law, and so do not greatly object to its strict enforcement, saved the Republican candidate from defeat. A considerable factor in bringing about this result was undoubtedly the Sturgis Law, which had increased the efficiency of the machinery for enforcement, and thereby had made prohibition much more of a reality than it had been before. For more than a decade the sentiment among the best and most intelligent people of the State against State prohibition has been slowly, and to some almost imperceptibly, growing. The Republican party, as a party, cannot be said to have any convictions on the subject; it has accepted prohibition because it has seemed to be approved by a large number, if not a decided majority, of its members. As Governor Cobb is reported to have said, "The Republican party has been brought face to face with the situation that it was bound to confront sooner or later." It is a serious question whether it would not be wise for the Republican party, before it is defeated on this issue, to devise a local option measure and submit it to the people as an alternative to the present constitutional prohibitory provision. The fact that the Republican candidates for Congress also suffered a loss in plurality seems to inject another factor into the election. It is doubtful, however, whether it does. National issues were not to the fore. In the case of Mr. Littlefield, however, in which they were given prominence by the speeches of Secretary Taft, Speaker Cannon, and Mr. Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, they may have served to modify the result in favor of the Republican candidate. Mr. Littlefield has been an aggressive supporter of Governor Cobb and the prohibitory policy of his administration. If it had not been for Mr. Littlefield's courageous attitude in opposition to the injunction bill which Mr. Gompers favored, he might have suffered much more severely—even to the extent of a defeat.

Party Struggles in Ohio and New York

Thanks to Representative Theodore Burton, the Republican machine of Ohio was forced to defend itself vigorously in the Convention at Dayton, Ohio; and, although it was nominally victorious, it has yet to vindicate itself before the voters of Ohio. The ruling power of the Convention was Senator Foraker. He and his colleague, Senator Dick, received the warm approbation of the Convention's platform. President Roosevelt also received praise for his administration; but this could hardly be seriously regarded as anything but a perfunctory approval of the party's nominal head. The known incompatibility between the spirit of Mr. Roosevelt and the spirit of the two Ohio Senators makes this indiscriminate approval of both President and Senators ridiculous. Senator Foraker did not hesitate to indicate sharply his disagreement with Mr. Roosevelt, and specifically his contempt for the railway rate regulation law. Although the popular demand for tariff revision, for the election of United States Senators by popular vote, and for a State joint primary law was, through the efforts of Mr. Burton, barely recognized in the platform, the effect of the Convention was to make it plain that the reactionary element of the party was in control. By his vigor in conducting the fight on behalf of the progressive element in the party Mr. Burton has won increased respect. In New York a convention was held last week which brought to a crisis the bitter factional fight within the Democratic party. This was the convention held in Carnegie Hall, New York City, of the Independence League. Created and organized throughout the State by Mr. William Randolph Hearst and his lieutenants, the League purports to be a new political party. It may be called the successor of the Municipal Ownership League which nominated and supported Mr. Hearst as a candidate for Mayor of New York last year. The Independence League is in effect an organization to advertise Mr. Hearst as a candidate for the Governorship of the State. Its convention, assembled in New York last week, adopted a platform

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and named an entire State ticket. The platform advocates "independence of boss rule, independence of corporation control, and independence of any party subject to boss rule and corporation control;" referring specifically to the last mayoralty election in New York City, it demands a law clearly requiring a recount in cases of fraud; it rehearses the insurance scandals and the bank wreckings of the State, and demands investigation of the State executive departments and denounces the failure to prosecute criminally those guilty of insurance frauds; it "stands for irreconcilable hostility to appropriation by corporations of franchise values created by the community and belonging to the community;" it urges a larger measure of home rule for cities, empowering them "to acquire and operate public necessities;" it urges laws on behalf of the farmers; it upholds the principles and urges enforcement of the eight-hour law, child labor law, compulsory education law, prison labor law, and laws requiring sanitary inspection; it would extend privileges to police and firemen, give pensions to teachers, and supply more schools. Since the League is not a recognized political party, its nomination has no legal effect. Its nominees will have to be formally nominated by petition, or ratified by some recognized party, in order to secure a place on the regular ballot. It is reasonably supposed that Mr. Hearst hopes to obtain a ratification of his own name by the Democratic party. This is certainly a possible, though at this writing it does not seem to us a probable, contingency. Elsewhere in this issue we comment on this movement and the issues it involves.

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A Creditable Result in South Carolina

No candidate for nomination either as Governor, Attorney-General, or Railroad Commissioner having received a majority in the first Democratic primary of South Carolina, a second primary was held on Tuesday of last week. The result was the election of Martin F. Ansel as nominee for Governor, J. Fraser Lyon for Attorney-General, and J. M. Sullivan as a member of the Railroad Commission. This is the virtual election of these men to their respective offices. The fight has been a bitter one, and its outcome is to be regarded as a verdict against the State Dispensary and a rebuke to Senator Tillman. Mr. Ansel advocated local option as opposed to State management of the liquor business. In other words, he advocated the policy of permitting each county to have the dispensary or not, as it sees fit. The alternative to the dispensary would be county prohibition. His chief opponent, Mr. Manning, was an advocate of the State dispensary. His name is attached to a bill, passed at the last Legislature, for perpetuating the dispensary system as a State institution. Senator Tillman supported Mr. Manning and made vicious attacks upon Mr. Ansel. The most wholesome aspect of the election was the small vote cast for the third candidate for Governor, Cole L. Blease. He is the close friend of those suspected of large grafting in connection with the State dispensary liquor business, and when the dispensary was under investigation did all he could as a member of the investigating committee to make the investigation a failure. On the stump he appealed most offensively to the prejudice of the coarsest and most ignorant among the whites. He opposed the education of the negroes in general, and in particular the use of the money of white taxpayers for negro schools. His decisive defeat in the first primary was an honor to South Carolina. The real fight of the campaign was over Mr. J. Fraser Lyon. He is a fine type of young civic soldier who has been most active, as a member of the Dispensary Investigating Committee, in exposing graft. The forces organized against him and led by Senator Tillman made such a brutal attack upon him, and his chief opponent, Mr. Ragsdale, Senator Tillman's candidate, used such campaign methods, that the popular desire for fair play was enlisted in his favor. Mr. Ansel's personal popularity and the general admiration for Mr. Lyon's courage added appreciably to their vote. Nevertheless, their decisive victory means a victory for anti-dispensary sentiment. It is doubtful whether any specific measure will be the outcome of this election,

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inasmuch as the upper chamber of the Legislature is still so constituted that it may block a local option bill. In this election South Carolina has kept true to the best of its fine traditions.

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Executive Usurpation Averted!

When Congress passed, last June, the law for the reorganization of the public schools of Washington, D. C., there were many who believed that the appointment of the School Board ought to have been put into the hands of the President. Congress, however, with its traditional fear of putting too much power into the hands of the Executive, gave the appointing power to the Supreme Court of the District. In other words, it gave an executive function to a judicial body, always an unsafe thing to do. In this, however, Congress was commended by some people who were loudest in their professions of loyalty to the principles of political reform. The Supreme Court of the District, whether through inattention to the matter or through malign influence, did much to invalidate the good purposes of the new law by putting the schools into the power of men who had already shown their incompetence if not something worse in the conduct of the schools. As a consequence, some teachers, whose salaries had been raised by the new law, have been virtually dismissed without cause, while others, on exactly the same footing, have been retained. The President is powerless to intervene, because the executive function is in the hands of the Court; but executive usurpation has been averted!

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A False Report

The report going the rounds of the daily press that the Big Four, a Western railway, which is one of the New York Central Lines, has issued an order that hereafter all negro passengers must ride in the smoking-cars, affords another illustration of the carelessness of the average American journal in giving currency to reports without taking pains to ascertain whether they are true. This story is wholly false. The facts which gave rise to it, as obtained by us from headquarters, are these: The Big Four is carrying on a large amount of construction and improvement work at the present time; complaints were received from patrons stating that laborers employed in this construction work, consisting almost exclusively of Greeks and Italians, with some negroes, whom it has been necessary to move from point to point in the prosecution of the work, were occupying the regular passenger coaches, to the detriment of the service. In order to overcome these complaints, instructions were issued providing that laborers employed by the railways, when traveling in gangs of fifteen or more, should be provided for in special cars, and that negro laborers employed by the company, when moved in gangs of less than fifteen, should occupy smoking-cars only. There are no special rules whatever in reference to the handling of colored passengers purchasing tickets in the regular manner, and they are permitted to occupy first-class or other coaches, or sleeping-cars, exactly as other patrons.

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Delinquent and Wayward Children

Beginning September 1 a law went into effect in Massachusetts which is expected to save thousands of children from lives of crime. It establishes a classification of "delinquent" and "wayward" children. In Boston it is supplemented by the law for a new juvenile court for the city, which went into effect the same day. The movement originated with the Association of Prison Officials of the State. Police Commissioner Stephen O'Meara—the new head of the Boston Board of Police, who, by this year's law, succeeded the old three-headed commission—has issued a special order to the Boston police regarding their enforcement of the new law, urging the police to put aside all prejudice and to do all they can for the success of the new system. He makes one statement which will cause surprise, coming from such an official source: "The police know that the tide of juvenile lawlessness is rising in Boston, and that almost daily there is a new high-water mark." Previous laws have been based upon humanitarian

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reasons for the benefit of boys and girls, but the new law goes a step beyond them in raising from twelve to fourteen years the age under which children of either sex cannot be committed to a police station, county prison, or the State farm in default of bail, or for non-payment of a fine, or for conviction of any offense not punishable by death or life imprisonment. The purpose of the law is to keep children out of the criminal class as long as possible, and to employ all possible means to reform them. Specifically, the new law forbids them to be called criminals or treated as such below the age of seventeen years, though it is possible for the court officials, after the first stage, if they think that public policy requires it, to institute criminal proceedings. It is proposed to establish, by the usual proceedings under the law, the fact that the child is "delinquent" or "wayward." But delinquency and waywardness are conditions, under the law, not offenses. Therefore the children cannot be convicted of anything. What is proved, if the prosecution succeeds, is merely the existence of a condition. That condition being found to exist, then certain treatment is required by the law for the unfortunate boy or girl found in that condition. Large use is made of the probation officer. Children found in these conditions may be formally consigned to his keeping upon his becoming responsible for their appearance if they are wanted. Usually the children will probably be sent to their homes. One point in the treatment is that good conduct for the future is not to be secured so much by the infliction of penalties for offenses already committed as by holding out the certainty of the infliction of penalties upon offenses which may hereafter be committed.

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The Law's Operation

Another peculiar feature of the new law is that it establishes parental responsibility for the fact that a child is delinquent and permits the punishment of parents who are proved to be responsible either for the direct training of their children to commit crime, or who have been guilty of such indifference and neglect of their children that they have not withdrawn them from criminal associations and thereby have been, in that way, responsible for their criminality. This principle is already recognized in the law which provides for the punishment of parents who permit their children to play truant, but hitherto it has not been carried any further. Proceedings in the courts under the new law are designed to spare the children as much as possible, to keep them from the gaze of the public, and to put them, as far as the sympathetic nature of the court will permit, under such influences as they would be under if they were in a good home. Instead of the cases being run through the court machine at the rate of one every four or five minutes, the judge, with the assistance of the probation officer, who has done all he can to learn about the home surroundings of the child, will conduct a private examination somewhat as a father might question his erring child in private. Plenty of time must be taken, too, and if an hour can be well spent, the judge is expected to spend it upon one child alone. A still further new principle which is expected to have large educational value is the teaching of the importance of reparation for wrong-doing. If the delinquent child has assaulted a person, then the fact of sorrow, sincere of course, and of making amends will be taken into consideration in the disposal of the case. If property has been damaged and restitution is made to the one who suffered the loss, then it counts in favor of the child who has offended. It is believed that it will put new ideas and motives into the minds of the children and will help them to realize what they can do to keep out of the law and to become worth something to the community. A further proposition is that wayward children may be taken by law before they have done anything wrong. "A boy or girl between seven and seventeen years of age who habitually associates with vicious or immoral persons, or who is growing up in circumstances exposing him or her to lead an immoral, vicious, or criminal life," comes into the new class which is named "wayward," and can be taken before crime is committed. Complaint

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of waywardness may be made and the suspected child be brought into court. If the proof submitted sustains the charge, then the child may be given in charge of a probation officer for as long time as the court sees fit, or the same treatment may be given as to a "delinquent." These are the main provisions of a law which is regarded as a decided forward step in the broad effort of recent years to save children from lives of crime and to make them valuable to themselves, to their families, and to the public.

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Bishop Stubbs of Truro

The news that Dr. Charles W. Stubbs, Dean of Ely, has been appointed to be Bishop of Truro, the cathedral city of the diocese of Cornwall, will give wide satisfaction in this country. Dr. Stubbs belongs to the Protestant and progressive wing of the Anglican Church, though more conservative than its vanguard. Theologically he is of the School of Frederick Denison Maurice, and sociologically also, as seen in his books, "Christus Imperator" and "The Social Teaching of the Lord's Prayer." In his earlier years, while a country clergyman, he was warmly interested in the betterment of bad conditions among rural laborers. Later, in his parish at Liverpool, he associated himself with the Rev. C. F. Aked, a Baptist, and the Rev. R. A. Armstrong, a Unitarian, in efforts for social reform. These three, until Dr. Stubbs was appointed to Ely, were, in that interest, co-editors of the Liverpool Pulpit, a monthly which admitted to its columns sermons from every division of the Church, regardless of creed. No Anglican clergyman of our time is more deservingly characterized as a "broad churchman." Dr. Stubbs was selected to be Dean of Ely by Mr. Gladstone's Government, we believe, and his advancement by the present Liberal Government is the natural sequel. During his residence at Ely some charming books concerning that shrine of ancient piety, or prompted by it, have come from his pen. His contributions in prose and poetry to The Outlook—for the latest of which see the September Magazine Number—together with his lectures and addresses in this country a few years ago, have made him widely appreciated here. The Anglican Episcopate would benefit by a larger infusion of the element which he so well represents.

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The Quaker Hill Conference

More than one feature of unique importance characterized this Conference, the eighth annual session of which was held at Quaker Hill during the first week of this month. It is an endowed Conference, the late Albert J. Akin, of Quaker Hill and New York—without whose practical co-operation it could hardly have been established—having made by will sufficient provision for its maintenance. Its moving spirit is the Rev. Warren H. Wilson, who, when he was pastor of a local undenominational church, conceived of the plan. Its scope is unusually large, including Bible study on the broadest possible platform, the interests of the surrounding rural community, study of practical questions of the day, and special research into local history, with the identification and preservation of local sites of historic importance. The title to the "Oblong Meeting-House," the seat of the first Quaker meeting established on the mainland of the United States, was a few years ago acquired by the Akin Hall Association, of which the Conference is one activity. Local history papers of genuine value to the future historian are annually presented to this Conference, and eleven of these monographs have already been published. A characteristic programme was followed this year. The future of the Conference was a theme of discussion, and from the interest evinced it is not too much to expect that the gathering from year to year will grow in importance to rural communities everywhere in the East.

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A Pride-Stirring Census Report

In an apparently technical and dry set of statistics recently given out by the Director of the Census at Washington there were hidden away a few figures of general interest and certainly of human significance. They were

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embodied in a report showing the progress of the American iron and steel industry in the five years between 1900 and 1905. These figures show that although the daily capacity of the 344 blast furnaces in the United States in 1905 was almost seventy-eight thousand tons, as compared with a daily capacity of about fifty-five thousand tons of the 343 furnaces in existence in 1900, there has been a large reduction in the number of men employed about these furnaces. In 1900 these wage-earners—mostly day-laborers—largely exceeded thirty-nine thousand, while in 1905, notwithstanding the large increase in the capacity of the plants, the average number was down to thirty-five thousand. This reduction in the working force is due to the use of machinery at the pig-making plants. Those who recall the visit of members of the British Iron and Steel Institute to this country will remember that one of their great surprises was the extent to which machinery had superseded hand labor in the hot and toilsome work of pig-iron production. It was then freely conceded by the British visitors—all experts in the iron and steel industry—that in this respect the economy of the American plants was far ahead of that of the British plants, where even yet not much of this labor-saving machinery has been installed. The introduction of this machinery began before 1900, when the last industrial census was taken, but it has been going on at an accelerated pace during the last five years. Had the old methods been continued there must have been at least fifty thousand men at work at the American blast furnaces in 1905, instead of four thousand less than in 1900. While these men were liberated from the hard and brutalizing toil of the old methods of blast furnace practice, they have not had to go outside the steel plants to find work. Though there has been a reduction in the number of men at the blast furnaces, there has been a large increase in the number of men employed at the later stages of the industry—in the production of steel rails and structural steel and other outputs. In 1900 the number of men engaged at these later stages of the industry was 183,000. In 1905 it was 207,000; so that there have been ample opportunities in these departments of the industry for the men displaced by machinery at the blast furnaces. Nor do the figures represent the whole human gain of the changes in steel plant economy and practice made in the five years covered by the census report. For the men still at work at the blast furnaces in this country, work to-day is infinitely less exhausting than it was ten years ago. Most of the men are in charge of the mechanical equipment for handling the ore, coke, and limestone, and the pig metal which results from the furnace treatment of these minerals; and to-day the pulling of a lever or the turning on of an electrical current does practically all the work about a blast furnace, which a few years ago had to be done amid smoke and fumes by mere human strength. The census report containing the above figures not only shows progress, but shows the progress which distinguishes the United States, compared with the industrial world of Europe, in the conservation of human energy and the lightening of human toil.

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Migration to the Southwest

Though the free homesteads in the rain belt were exhausted years ago, the land hunger that peopled the Mississippi Valley and the West has not disappeared. Twice a month all summer the Kansas City gateway has been thronged with travelers bound for the cheap lands of the Southwest on home-seekers' excursions. These excursions are extensively advertised by the railways in Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, where farm land values are relatively high. An Iowa farmer, for instance, whose land is worth $125 an acre, finds it difficult to make more than six per cent. on the investment. Moreover, he sees that he will be unable to provide land for his children. But if he sells his 160 acres for $20,000 he can go into the Southwest and buy 2,000 acres at $10 an acre, and supply his children with farms. This inducement has proved sufficiently strong to send tens of thousands of men and women every fortnight into the cheap lands of Texas and New

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Mexico. Agents for land companies have circulated extravagant reports of the productivity of the country, and an inflation of values has resulted that is likely eventually to work hardship on many purchasers. For most of this land lies west of the hundredth meridian, where the average yearly rainfall is from eighteen to twenty-two inches, and where farming, without irrigation, is hazardous. The West, however, is learning how to cultivate its semi-arid lands, and fairly satisfactory returns are now secured from regions that twenty years ago would have proved barren. While the agents' prophecies in the non-irrigated districts will not come true, the Southwest will undoubtedly receive thousands of settlers as a result of the present immigration, who, by hard and intelligent work, will be able to make a comfortable living from soil that had been given over to great cattle ranges.

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A Man or a Programme

The Democratic party of the State of New York is confronted with an issue that concerns more than the welfare of the party itself. When the representatives of the party assemble in Buffalo on September 25 to make nominations for the Governorship, two names will be most prominently before the Convention —Mr. William Travers Jerome and Mr. William Randolph Hearst. Mr. Hearst has already been proposed for the Governorship by a convention of the Independence League, as reported on another page, and may thus be regarded as a candidate for the Democratic nomination. On the other hand, although no formal movement has been in evidence on Mr. Jerome's behalf, several astute politicians have announced their intention to support his candidacy, and it is well known that that element in the party which most bitterly opposes Mr. Hearst, and which was represented in the Albany conference reported in The Outlook last week, is united in its enthusiasm for Mr. Jerome. The Democratic party is therefore at present called upon to choose between a political adventurer who offers a definite programme and an honest and courageous public servant who offers no definite programme. In order that our readers may understand the nature of this important issue, we here present an interpretation first of the programme which is proffered to the party, and then of the man who is offered in opposition.

THE PROGRAMME

The platform adopted by the Independence League in convention assembled at New York City last week is a document worth the study of any one who is concerned in the political problems now confronting the American people. It is not to be brushed lightly aside as a thing of no significance, or as the whimsical expression of an ephemeral movement. This organization is criticised as the representative of a causeless discontent and the propaganda of wholly impracticable vagaries. Such criticism does not correctly indicate either the error or the peril involved in this movement. The evils of which the League complains are not the imaginings of Adullamites; the measures which it advocates are not the impossible schemes of visionaries. If the Independence League is a menace to the American people, it is not because it does not deal with realities; it is because it deals with realities in a false and vicious way. As quackery is a menace to public health, not because it supposes diseases exist that do not exist at all, and offers medicines that the patient cannot take, but because it misapplies powerful drugs to real diseases, so the principles of the Independence League, of which W. R. Hearst is the figurehead if not the brains, are threatening to political wholesomeness because they involve the misapplication of very effective measures to social conditions which actually need remedy.

The ear-marks of the quack are reliance upon the patient's self-diagnosis and the offer of a sure cure. The quack asks the patient to examine himself, report his symptoms, and practically, if not actually, designate his own disease; in return, the quack presents to the patient a remedy with the promise that

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it will insure complete recovery. The astute quack does not invent diseases; he has no occasion to; he hits upon those existing diseases which are most prevalent or most dreaded. He bends his energies, first, to persuading as many people as possible that they are suffering from those diseases, and, second, to inducing them to buy his nostrum.

The platform of the Independence League bears the ear-marks of the political quack. It has no need to improvise social ills; it seizes with skill upon those ills which are to-day most feared by the American people. Adroitly it bases its appeal upon a description of those ills: boss rule, corporation control, intimidation and fraud at the polls, dishonesty in the conduct of financial institutions. There can be no doubt that these are actual political diseases. Some of the remedies it advertises can also be found in the list of well-tried political measures—a simplified ballot, a plain provision for recount in cases of fraud, impartial enforcement of law, sanitary inspection of perilous occupations, adequate salaries to public servants. When, however, it advertises for support, it accepts from each supporter his own diagnosis. The police problem is a difficult one. Already the police of New York City and Buffalo have the right of appeal to the courts in case of dismissal. Well paid, more secure in their positions than any employee of a private concern, and assured of a pension after a certain term of service, the police force of the cities in the State occasion serious problems. What is the method of Mr. Hearst's Independence League? To make a real study of the case from the point of view of the whole community and in the interest of law and order? Not at all. It is to take the policeman's own diagnosis of too long hours and insecurity of position, and to offer this remedy: "The three-platoon system [which allows longer hours off duty and provides fewer reserves at the station-houses than the present system] should be restored to the policemen of Greater New York, and the benefits of the system extended to all the other cities in the State. The same right of appeal should be accorded the patrolmen of all the cities of the State now effective in the cities of New York and Buffalo." It is pleasant medicine this quack offers—pleasant to the police—but the real sufferers from the serious police problems, the peaceable and honest citizens of the State, so far from getting relief, will be only injured by this sort of treatment. This is typical of the method which Mr. Hearst applies to all the ills of the community. Is there any class of people discontented or ready to seek some gain, he allows them to diagnose their own troubles and promises them a measure which will bring those troubles to an end. You are poor. Mr. Hearst recognizes the symptom. You are suffering from insurance frauds. Criminal proceedings against some rich men, whether they have committed a crime or not, is the nostrum. You find rapid transit accommodations unsatisfactory. The remedy is in this bottle—municipal ownership and operation. You do not get the price for milk which you think you should get. Mr. Hearst has the specific at hand: down with the milk trust.

The Outlook is aware that many of the wrongs which the Independence League denounces are very evident, and believes that some of the measures it urges are sound. In the same manner it is aware that tuberculosis, which the quack claims to cure, is a disease of dreadful actuality, and believes that quinine has, under certain circumstances, a curative value. It nevertheless regards the Independence League and the quack alike perilous, and for much the same reason.

THE MAN

The platform of Mr. William Travers Jerome, whose portrait is given on another page, is comprised in two words—Honest Administration. In his political sympathies he is probably as nearly an old-fashioned Jeffersonian Democrat as is to be found in this twentieth century. He has not followed either one of the divergent tendencies which have been developed during the last two decades. He believes in a government of limited powers, is the opponent of "paternalism," and, if he has not opposed,

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certainly has not advocated, governmental regulation of railways or governmental inspection of packing-houses. He is an opponent of Socialism and semi-Socialism; would confine government to its earlier function—the protection of persons and property; and has given no hint of any inclination toward the ownership and operation of public utilities by any government, Federal, State, or municipal. He is not the advocate of any of the proposed extensions of democracy—direct primaries, the referendum, the recall, local option, and the like; and he has strenuously opposed the extension of local option to cities as a means of settling the difficult excise question. In short, he is a believer in representative, not in town-meeting, democracy.

In saying these things of Mr. Jerome The Outlook is making a platform for him. We do not quote chapter and verse, and he may, if he chooses, repudiate the principles which we attribute to him. For if he has not been wholly silent on academic questions, he has exerted no influence upon them. He is a man of affairs, not a political philosopher; and as the affairs in which he has been concerned have been municipal, not Federal, his leadership has been local, not National. We do not say that he may not become a leader in National politics, but up to the present time he has not taken any prominent part in it. It is because of his work in municipal reform, not because of his discussion of National questions, that he has acquired a National reputation.

In the politics of the city his sole recipe is Honest Administration. He complies with one Scriptural injunction—he abhors that which is evil. No revivalist ever preached against sin with greater pungency and power than did Mr. Jerome in his campaign of 1901, waged against Tammany and all its works. He revealed the red-light system in words that flamed with a divine wrath. Like the evangelist he was, he preached against the sins of whatever audience was before him; and when our most highly respectable citizens from our most highly respectable wards came expecting a sensational disclosure of dramatic vices on the East Side, they received instead excoriation for vices of their own. In the last municipal campaign his objective was different, but his spirit was the same. He is a hater of shams, and bossism is a sham. The political convention which pretends to decide, when it only registers the decision which has been made for it in the closet, is a lie, and he hates a lie. It is to him wholly a matter of indifference whether it is a Republican lie, a Democratic lie, or an Independent lie. In 1905 he appealed to the conscience of the people against robbery and oppression—and with the same result. He may not believe that Honest Administration is all the remedy needed for the evils in the body politic. But he certainly believes that this is the first remedy to be applied, that without it all other remedies are useless, and that with it very probably all other remedies will be superfluous.

He is accused of talking too much and of following large promises with small performances. It is true that he is not a man of reserve, but his speech is efficacious; it is true that his achievements have not equaled the expectations which the press has inspired and perhaps not even his own; but his administration of the District Attorney's office has not in efficiency been equaled in many years. It is stated that in 1903, under his administration, "in a total of about three thousand of these prison cases [cases in which the accused remained in prison until he could be tried] the average lapse of time from the date of the original arrest to final judgment, including the preliminary hearing before the magistrate, the presentation of the evidence to the Grand Jury, the finding of the indictment, and the final disposition, either by trial, plea of guilty, or discharge, was only eight days."[1] This is an extraordinary record.

If Mr. Jerome is nominated for Governor of the State of New York this fall, his competitors will have to meet a cyclone accompanied with some thunder and a good deal of lightning; and whether he is elected or not, he will clear the air.

[1] Nathan A. Smyth: Harvard Law Review, Vol. 17, p. 317.

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Please Take Notice

The following item has been going the rounds of the press:

A despatch from Washington says that the Post-Office Department declares that any person found guilty of opening letters of others by mistake is to be held accountable by the postal officials. The guilty person is liable to a fine not exceeding $200. The Post-Office Department has ruled that mail must be looked over before it is taken from the office, and that any letter put in your box by mistake must be returned before leaving the building, under a penalty of $200 for failure to do so.

A correspondent has written to us complaining of the burden which this supposed rule imposes on the people. She says:

What are persons to do who do not get their own mail from the office but send an employee or a young child, as it is often convenient or necessary to do? A large number, I should judge, do not take out their own mail; in that case, how can it be looked over in the office or how can the postmaster's mistake be corrected until the mail is brought home? How frequently, it may be presumed, a letter is opened by the rightful owner yet is not correctly addressed! An initial being omitted or one initial incorrect, or the name misspelled, shall no such letter be opened, even though it may prove a mistake?

We have learned not to complain of the action of the Government until we have ascertained what the action is. We therefore wrote to the Postmaster-General for information on the subject, and print herewith his reply:

Office of the Postmaster-General,
Washington, D.C.

Replying to your letter of the 17th instant, addressed to the Postmaster-General, I have to say that there is nothing in the laws, regulations, or rulings of the Post-Office Department which prescribes any penalty whatever for the opening of a letter, unless such opening is with wrongful intent. The newspaper paragraph referred to in your correspondent's letter has been going the rounds for some time, although efforts have been made to correct it. Section 3892 R. S., the only law that prescribes a penalty for opening letters, does not punish where there is no wrong intent. It reads as follows:

Any person who shall take any letter, postal card, or packet, although it does not contain any article of value or evidence thereof, out of a post-office or branch post-office, or from a letter or mail carrier, or which has been in any post-office or branch post-office or in the custody of any letter or mail carrier, before it has been delivered to the person to whom it was directed, with a design to obstruct the correspondence, or to pry into the business or secrets of another, or shall secrete, embezzle, or destroy the same, shall, for every such offense, be punishable by a fine of not more than five hundred dollars or by imprisonment at hard labor for not more than one year, or by both.

Very truly yours,
F. H. HITCHCOCK,
Acting Postmaster-General.

Our correspondent need not be afraid that she will be arrested or fined because the postmaster has put into her box a letter addressed to some one else; nor even because, under a misapprehension, the letter has been opened. The penalty is prescribed for taking a letter belonging to some one else "with a design to obstruct the correspondence, or to pry into the business or secrets of another." This is a penal offense, as it ought to be. An innocent blunder in the delivery and the reception of a letter is not a crime.

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The Nerve of Missions

A great concourse of Christian men and women will assemble at North Adams, Massachusetts, the second week in October, to celebrate the centennial of the American Board. They will have a right to congratulate themselves and the churches on the splendid record of the past hundred years, and on the faith, courage, and devotion which at home and abroad have written that record in missionary deeds. It is indeed difficult for us to realize that only one hundred years have passed since the birth of the foreign missionary movement in America.

Those who assemble at this great meeting will be all enthusiastic believers in the cause of foreign missions. It will be well if they remember that there are a great many in the Christian Church, and still more in the Christian congregations, who are not enthusiastic believers in foreign missions. The indifference to the work of Christian missions in foreign lands is not wholly due to the selfishness which grudges contributions to a good cause, nor to the shortsightedness which cannot see beyond the horizon of a parish. It is partly due to a paralyzing disbelief in the necessity or the efficacy of the missionary movement. Perhaps we should rather say unbelief than disbelief. It is negative rather than positive, and

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therefore all the more difficult to controvert.

There is an administrative skepticism based upon the notion that foreign missionaries are generally men of inferior caliber. Prejudice, this notion is; but, like all prejudice, it has some cause. As one corrupt politician will do more to bring politics into disrepute than a dozen honest ones can do to redeem it; as one pettifogger can do more to give an evil reputation to the legal profession than a score of high-minded lawyers can do to efface that impression; so one uncultivated, unvigorous, sentimental, narrow-minded man in the missionary service can bring that service into a disrepute and produce an impression of inefficiency that a score of broad-minded, statesmanlike men cannot counteract.

But far more paralyzing in its effect than this administrative skepticism is a widespread and deep-seated religious skepticism. The change in the popular conception of God, the lessened sacredness attached to law, the increased emphasis put upon love, the doctrine of evolution with its hopeful conception of progress as reaching forward into the other world, the study of comparative religions with its resultant conviction that there is much that is beautiful, good, and true in the pagan religions, the transferring of emphasis at home, both within and without the church, from individualism to socialism, the growing conception that the kingdom of God is to come upon the earth, and that it includes the salvation of society through the salvation of the individual, have all combined to change the point of view in the minds of a great many who are unconscious of the change. If this change had been completed and were wholly recognized, the basis of a new, a truer, and a better enthusiasm for missions would have been laid. But we are still in the transition period; the period which illustrates the saying that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing." A great many who believe in the good nature rather than in the love of God are half-consciously saying to themselves: The heathen are in no imminent peril; a great many who have gained a glimpse of what is good in paganism have abandoned the idea that it is servitude to Satan, and have not adopted the idea that it is a blind seeking after God by those who worship him without knowing him—seekers to whom we should carry Paul's message given to the Greeks of Athens; a great many whose interest in the other world's aspects of the religious problem has been dimmed or has disappeared altogether, and in place thereof have become without knowing it humanitarians, believe with a good deal of genuineness in carrying civilization to the uncivilized nations—railways, plows, factories, perhaps hospitals, schools, and free institutions—but have no belief, or at least no vitalized faith, that all material and political civilization is the product of spiritual life, and that the divine inspiration for spiritual life is the Christian religion.

The postulates which underlie Christian missions are precisely these two: that all civilization is, in the ultimate analysis, a product of spiritual life; and that spiritual life is mainly, though not exclusively, the product of the Christian religion. Both postulates are neglected, if not disbelieved, in current thought. Education is thought to be the foundation of civilization, and science its nursing mother. And the Christian religion is thought to be only a simplified, or at the best a spiritualized, form of law, summed up in the Golden Rule as a law of conduct, and in the command that "thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," as a law of the spirit. Wherever these two notions have gained ground, wherever men have come to believe that science, not religion, is the basis of civilization, and that ethical regulation of conduct, not a divine inspiration of the spirit, is the secret of healthful and happy life, all appeals to support the cause of Christian missions will fall on indifferent ears. No mere pointing to the work that has been done, no mere picturing of the work that has yet to be done, will be effective in the face of this paralyzing skepticism, this belief that education of the intellect and ethical rules for the regulation of the conduct have in them the secret of a happy and prosperous life.

We believe that the American Board

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at this centennial meeting could render no better service to the churches than to appoint a committee of catholic-spirited, moderate-minded men to present a catholic and moderate statement of the grounds on which a Christian nation may rightfully be asked to contribute to other nations that spiritual impulse which has been the secret of its own prosperity.

The Danger of Imitation

There are few things from which the society of to-day suffers more grievously than the tendency to imitation. The prevalence of fads of all sorts and kinds, the tyranny of methods of doing things, the apparently irresistible desire of many people to be always in the mob and to rush tumultuously with the crowd wherever the crowd collects, have often been commented upon as peculiarly characteristic of American life. That they are characteristic is due not so much to the fact that Americans are different from other people as that their society is freer and that men and women have larger liberty in electing what they shall do and selecting the road they will take. At the moment, the automobile is the symbol of the widespread desire to do as one's neighbors do. It is reported in many communities that people of small means are mortgaging their houses in order to pay for automobiles, and one has to know but a single locality to be aware that a great many people are owning and driving these costly machines at an expense all out of proportion to their income. The automobile is a permanent addition to those many facilities of communication which have changed the face of the modern world. It is here for a good purpose, and, in spite of numerous accidents and of a cold-blooded indifference to the rights and comforts of others which too many automobilists show, it is a valuable addition to the resources of the period. At the moment, however, there is a passion for it which is not justified by the means of a great many people, and presently this passion will spend itself, and then the automobile will belong to those who have a right to it.

If men and women could get rid of the desire to do as their neighbors do, and substitute for it the determination to do as they feel they ought to do, hosts of people would be relieved of intolerable slavery and from dangerous temptations. The great majority of men who live beyond their means are victims of this passion to do as their neighbors do without regard to the difference between their income and their neighbor's income. Instead of selecting their own way of living, choosing their interests, forming their own habits, defining their own aims, and so becoming independent, rational human beings who stand for something real and who contribute to the moral wealth of a community, they sink to the level of mere imitators and count for nothing, because they stand for nothing. Neither house, nor table, nor dress, nor entertainment represents their real financial condition. There is no more convincing evidence of what is called thorough-breeding than the element of reality which penetrates the life of the men and women who stand thoroughly on their feet, and who are not dependent upon others for position, pleasure, or influence. In the genuine home the sense of the relation and proportion between all the activities of life and all forms of expenditure is instinctively as well as intelligently preserved. People of this class do not make their tables meager in order that they may spend more money on clothes, nor do they cut their charities down to the zero point in order that they may give more expensive entertainments; nor are they willing to live in comfort themselves and compel their servants to live in garrets and cellars. A real household is honest throughout; it does not wear a veneered front to the world; it is not a noble portico to a mean residence.

If the men and women who are in bondage to the standards of other people could only realize for a day the freedom which comes from going their own way instead of treading the hot and dusty highway, they would not only find their bondage intolerable, but they would be unable to understand why they were will-

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ing to endure it for a moment. Anxiety, unrest, loss of self-respect, defalcation, dishonesty in every form, lurk around the path of the man who is spending more money than he has a right to spend; and the sense of unreality, of lowering the standards, of making life common and cheap, attends the woman who adapts herself to the ways and habits of other women about her, instead of resolutely, courageously, and quietly giving them the benefit of her own independent and honorable acceptance of conditions. In the social confusion which reigns in this country, where there is no social authority which defines social aims and fixes social habits, the influence of the individual woman is of immense importance. In every community, if she have tact, good sense, and courage, she can often change the atmosphere. Instead of imitating a few people more eager for pleasure than for culture, and mistaking eating, drinking, and mere hilarity for the joy and refreshment of social intercourse, she can, by her way of living, the ordering of her household, the quality of her entertainments, set up new standards and oppose the spirit of the higher civilization to the semi-barbaric habits which prevail in the social life of many communities. In this country, with its democratic freedom, there ought to be the widest scope for individuality. It ought to be easy for men and women to live their own lives in their own way without regard to their neighbors. On the contrary, there is probably less individuality here than in many older countries, and far greater disposition to herd together and to go in mobs. Whenever evil conditions are brought to light, as in the past year, it invariably appears that only a few have done positive wrong, but that many have kept quiet and acquiesced when they ought to have protested and combated. Those who accept lower aims and meaner habits because they lack the courage to stand by their own aims and practice their own ways are moral cowards, and moral cowardice is as disastrous in its results as positive evil. American society everywhere needs courageous men and women who know how to live and are not afraid to put their knowledge into practice.

The Spectator

Niagara Falls, the Spectator hopes, has been saved from those who would altogether commercialize a natural wonder of the first order; but that the friends of other fine scenery in every part of the land must keep busy at their work of resistance to the despoilers was brought home to the Spectator a few weeks ago with special force. He had been admiring the fine Montmorency Falls in Canada when he fell in with an old-timer who shared his enthusiasm. "Yes, they are fine; but the dam and the electric plant spoil them to those who knew them twenty years ago. A hundred feet higher than Niagara, and with a splendid rush of water going over the precipice, they were then a sight for men and gods. Now that huge dam affronts one's eyes at the top, and nearly half the water is carried off in a race at the side. Factories are springing up, and the falls will soon be ruined. I talked with the proprietor of one of these factories the other day—an old friend of mine. 'Industry—industry—industry'—was all he could see or say. The age is against us." The Spectator thought the age certainly was against all who see more than the utilitarian side of nature when, a little later, he followed the Montmorency River up to the fine series of cascades called the Natural Steps. What was his astonishment to find that the Natural Steps had vanished! A great dam sixty feet high was in course of construction right at their base; a huge wall of masonry already stretched nearly across the river, and the Montmorency was madly struggling in the embrace of an immense iron pipe which was to deflect the water away from the steps until the wall should be completed. The Spectator cried "Shame!" and was sorry that the roar of the imprisoned river prevented the desolating workmen from hearing his protest.

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For countless ages the river had been chiseling out those picturesque cascades and making them a joy for the eye of man. Now comes along an engineer and says that there is a good place for a dam. And to save a few thousand

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dollars for what may be only a temporary use of the river—for who can say that in a generation we may not be getting our power direct from the sun or the tides or the storm?—the company takes away from mankind forever the enjoyment of a unique bit of scenery. The Spectator does not blame the company particularly; it is acting as "companies" nearly always act; it is composed of men who are indifferent to natural beauty and who profess the right to do what they will with "their own." But a generation is coming which will not be indifferent to these things; and the Spectator holds that the community ought to intervene and preserve these natural wonders, just as it intervenes to prevent a man who is indifferent to animal suffering from beating his horse because it also is "his own." The higher world of civilized ideals has its claims; and the community must maintain them.

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Among the curiosities of old Quebec which are not starred in Baedeker is an old-fashioned defensive work called a Martello tower. Quebec's defenses generally seem to belong to a bygone period; the cannon that peer out over her city walls are of the kind that birds like to build nests in; but the Spectator did not expect to find a Martello tower used as a nest. To such better uses, however, it had come; and a fairly comfortable nest it made for a family of French Canadians. The Spectator had never been inside a Martello tower; he had a dim recollection of seeing these towers on the English coast, where they were put up in large numbers as places of rendezvous and defense during the time when that tight little island expected a visit from Napoleon. When the Spectator saw a wooden stairway leading up to the heavy, nail-studded door, however, and a couple of tiny figures thereon, he made bold to mount the stairs and knock at the door. A pale-faced woman answered the knock, and, seeing that the Spectator was interested in the children, answered his questions civilly and then asked him in. The large, circular room had a bed and a bureau on one side and a stove and a table on the other, while a picture of the Virgin hung on the wall. The center was filled with what seemed to be a bomb-proof chamber running up through the ceiling. Small windows in the enormously thick walls let in a dubious light. Between the Spectator's poor French-Canadian and the householder's (or rather tower-holder's) poor English-American, he managed to learn that the rent was very low, that the family was very poor, that the woman's husband was a laborer, and that she herself was in poor health because the tower was cold and damp. But they were very safe in it at night; no burglars need apply at the doors or windows of a Martello tower! The little boy lit a lamp and took the Spectator up the solid stone stairs to the upper story. Here the musketeers could rest their weapons comfortably on a wide ledge and fire at the enemy; but this part of the tower was used by its inhabitants only as a lumber-room. Among queer habitations this will go into the Spectator's note-book as one of the oddest.

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Any day in Quebec is interesting enough to a visitor; but market day is the time to see the country people. They come in from the small towns around—from Beauport, from Lévis, from the Isle de Orléans, from a dozen near-by places—from those fertile strips of land bordering the St. Lawrence, where the farms seem to be all length and no breadth—and sell their products with infinite chaffering and friendly disputation as to merits and prices. Both buyers and sellers are largely women. The buyers go about like bees seeking honey—stopping now here, now there, flying away dissatisfied, returning, trying again, finally settling down to a good bargain. Here a woman with a basket hesitates to buy because the seller refuses to heap up the measure with potatoes which she takes from a bag. The buyer impatiently grasps a handful and puts them on the level measure; the seller makes an angry gesture, then resignedly relents at sight of the silver, and the bargain is closed. Here a man is smelling tobacco leaves which the vender is exhibiting; there a woman is brushing away the flies from huge lumps of maple sugar which looks like the real thing; here is

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a table piled with all kinds of dried herbs, reminding one of the days of "boneset tea" and such simples; there a little girl is waiting for a customer for her huge, clumsy toy carts and wheelbarrows. The faces are mostly heavy and stolid; but the voices and gestures have Gallic enthusiasm. Two pleasant-faced nuns hover around seeking contributions of produce or money; when a bargain is concluded, it goes hard with the pious peasant if he or she does not part with a penny or so for Mother Church.

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What is the secret of the iron hold which the Church has on the Canadian peasant? While the Church seems to be losing its grip on the peasant in France, it appears to be the dominating influence among the Canadians. Is it that the French Canadian, feeling himself to be without a country, turns naturally to the Church in order to find expression for the loyalty which an alien race and government cannot evoke or satisfy? Whatever the explanation, the fact is apparent. The church spire dominates the landscape. The Spectator was impressed with this at a small village near Quebec. Going there to see some half-breed Indians, he wandered around the village, and suddenly came upon a great stone church nearly as large as the Quebec Basilica. Here was a building seating over two thousand people, built substantially, having pews of hard wood, finely decorated in conventional style, and costing, the Spectator was informed, nearly a hundred thousand dollars. Surely religion is a vital force when its devotees are willing to attest their faith by works like these! Whether the Church is giving an adequate return for the sacrifices which these humble toilers make for her is another question—but not theirs. They have as yet no doubts. Will they eventually come to the position of their co-religionists in France, who seem to be asking, Is it worth while?

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"Speaking of native industries," if the Spectator may paraphrase an expression of one of his friends who is fond of introducing in this way a topic of which no one has been speaking, an interesting example of home work was lately called to the Spectator's attention. This was a fine specimen of a "hook work" rag rug. It is an outgrowth of the old-fashioned rag carpet which most Americans who were pioneers' sons or daughters have helped to make. Not that they did the weaving; they only collected the rags, tore them into strips, tied them together, and rolled them into balls which were sent to the weaver and duly returned in the shape of a kaleidoscopic floor-covering that could be endured with much satisfaction in a pioneer's home while waiting for a "store" carpet. The hook-work rug that the Spectator has could be endured anywhere. It was made by a Maine woman who, as she says, has had a passion for rug-making ever since she was a child. "Sometimes they used to miss me at meal-times, and when they found me I would be up in the attic working on a rag rug." This clever worker draws her designs from nature, sketches them on a background which she puts on her weaving-frame, then patiently works in the colored rags with a hook, finally thus producing a most interesting local memento such as every one wants to get when away from home, rather than the omnipresent factory-made "souvenirs" that are sold, everywhere alike, from Maine to California. But the reader need not scent an advertisement. The Spectator is not sure that the reader can get one of these rugs. Not that the price is prohibitive; not at all. But he is not certain that there are any of them left. They are made only in winter, for in summer there is other and more laborious work to do. And as it takes nearly a month to make one of these rugs, they are not numerous. They are too good, the Spectator thinks—at least his own is too good, with its pretty glimpse of that quaintly named and unconventional summering place, Christmas Cove—to tread under foot. Indeed, their maker says, with an air of surprise that her faithful handiwork is appreciated, that "some folks think so much of them that they put them under glass and hang them up on the wall like a picture." The Spectator doesn't blame "some folks"!

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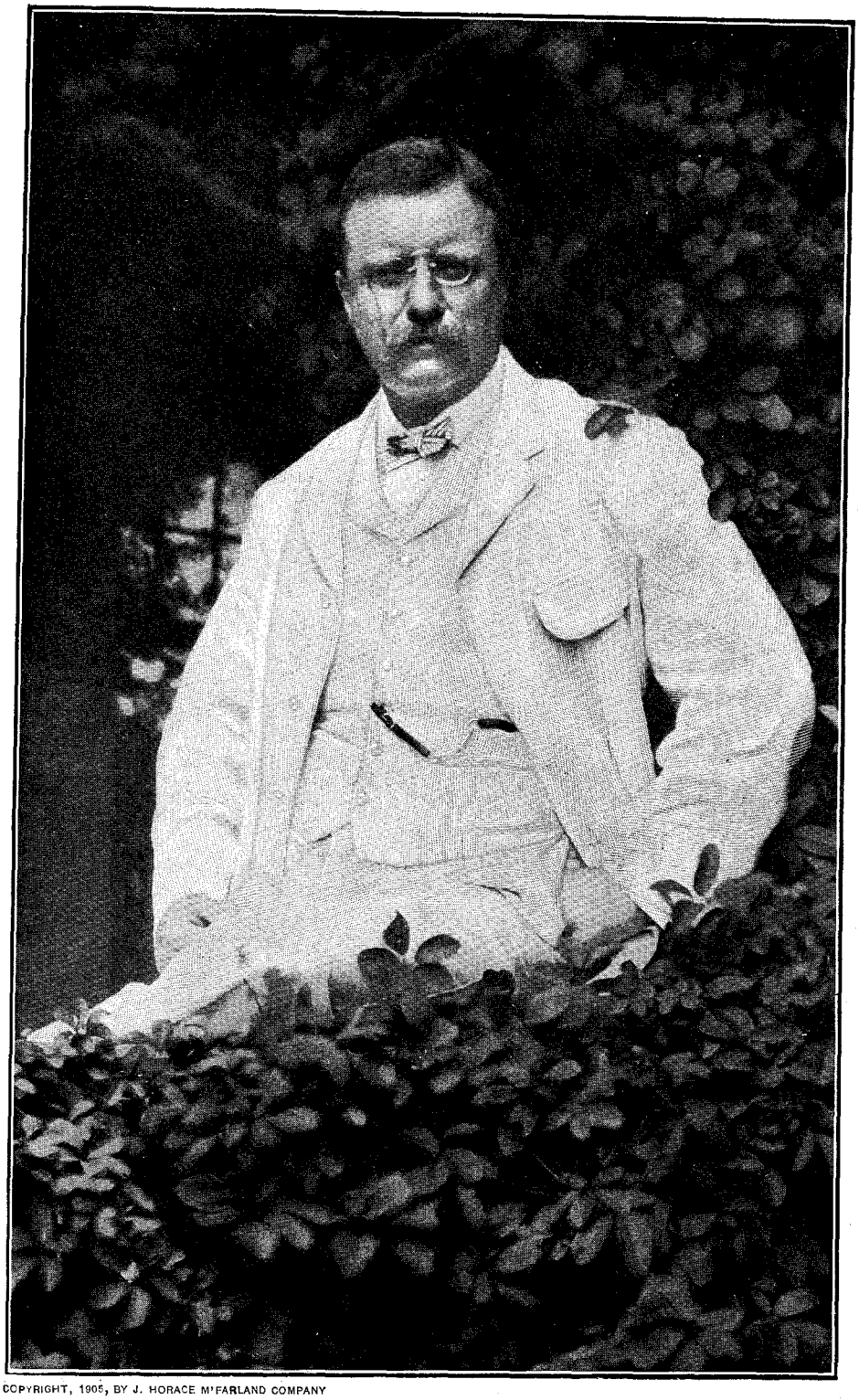

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT

President Roosevelt's order for the use of the simplified spellings in all documents issued by the Executive Departments attracted wide attention to the movement

From a hitherto unpublished photograph made at Sagamore Hill by O. P. Beckley

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THE SIMPLIFIED SPELLING

WHAT IT IS AND WHAT IT IS NOT

BY HENRY HOYT MOORE

THE reform in English spelling to which wide attention has been drawn by President Roosevelt's order is by no means revolutionary. It does not call for the phonetization of the language. It does not ask us to alter the spelling of our names, or of the streets on which we live, or of familiar historical characters, or of any of the most frequently used of our every-day words. The many attempts in the daily press, by what might be called the "az iz" or Josh Billings school of humor, to ridicule the movement may have been more or less funny, but they have been beside the mark. Such statements as that "the standard dictionaries will be useless" after the introduction of the changed spelling are absurd. Scarcely a single spelling in the entire list of words concerning which changes are recommended is without dictionary approval. So far as the dictionaries go, the changes are already recognized.

This much may be said without either advocating or opposing the specific changes advised. The facts ought to be understood by every one who wishes to have an intelligent idea of what is really proposed.

The modifications which the Simplified Spelling Board advocates, and which have won the approval of President Roosevelt, are in the direction of a more uniform and less incongruous spelling rather than of a radical reconstruction. The Board does not aim to be an originator. It recognizes the authority of usage as the final arbiter in spelling, but it believes that usage can be guided, and it seeks to influence usage toward the sanction of the simpler and more phonetic forms of spelling that are now or have been in vogue. It finds that usage has at times favored a less unphonetic method of spelling than at present, and it seeks to revive the older usage in such cases. Where current usage permits the use of a simple form in a certain word, as in *leapt*, it takes the liberty of recommending the use of the same form in an analogous word, as *lookt*, as a reversion to an older usage favored by Shakespeare, Bunyan, and De Foe. It proposes to drop superfluous letters where there is good authority for doing so, but its appeal at present is primarily to authority. It appeals from the orthographically inebriated Philip to Philip in his soberer linguistic moments, from the Philip who writes *tenour* and *phænomenon* to the Philip who writes *tenor* and *phenomenon*.

Many of the forms advocated by the Board are not to be regarded as changes even of the accepted American spelling. Probably a majority of Americans have been educated in schools which used Webster's dictionary or spelling book as a standard. Thus as children they were perfectly familiar with many of the spellings which the Simplified Spelling Board advocates; such forms, for instance, as *traveler* instead of *traveller*, *theater* instead of *theatre*, *mold* instead of *mould*, *defense* instead of *defence*. The Outlook, it may be remarked in passing, has, in common with many other American periodicals, for many years spelled nearly one hundred and fifty of the three hundred words affected in accordance with the recommendations of the Simplified Spelling Board. A number of the other changes proposed ought actually to please the adherents of the traditional orthography as reversions to conservative usage—such spellings, for instance, as *skilful*, *wilful*, and *distil*.

This is not to say that the reformers mean to stop short with their present recommendations of the simpler accepted

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forms. "The Board," an official circular says, "will in due time make suggestions of its own. It will propose further simplifications of the same sort." But at present its chief aim, "in view of the fact that the English language bids fair to become the world language of the future, is to arouse a wider interest in English spelling, and to call attention to its present chaotic condition—a condition far worse than that existing in any other modern language." "Every one of the simplifications now accepted by all of us," it says in urging individual action, "was once the overt act of a single individual, who was followed at first only by a small minority. . . . Somebody must propose the next step in advance. If only ten men think so, they should join and try to convince the rest. The Board invites and will welcome the co-operation of any individual or of any organization who may wish to aid in the good work. The more the subject is discust, the clearer the way will become." The reader will note that in the foregoing quotations only one word varies from the conventional spelling.

Those who oppose spelling reform commonly base their objections to the reform on the following grounds. They claim that the old orthographic landmarks should remain untouched; that having with much difficulty learned to spell in one way and become accustomed to the appearance of words written or printed in that way, they should be left undisturbed in their knowledge of that particular spelling; that a certain orthographic flavor goes with a particular collocation of letters, and that an adult reader has a right to the gratification supplied by that flavor; that there is an æsthetic side to reading, and this is not lightly to be flouted by strange and uncouth forms of words, in which the angular *k* and *z* predominate instead of the curvilinear *c* and *s*; that while phonetic spelling and a scientific alphabet might be well enough if we were beginning the use of printed words, they are extremely uncomfortable things to think of now, and if we learned them the world of literature in the printed books already in existence would be spoiled for us; that pronunciation varies in different localities and from age to age, and if we try to follow it with our phonetic spelling we shall have a continual confusion; that one might as well try to force a new language on a reading people as a new phonetic spelling; and if these things must come, they say, let them be taught to children in the schools, but let the adult reader enjoy his English undefiled as it is written, and has been from the beginning.

The spelling reformer answers that he does not propose to introduce phonetic spelling and a new alphabet; that he merely wants to take a step toward logic and consistency. He asks, Is it not a patent absurdity to have half a dozen or more different sounds to one combination of letters, as in the familiar sentence, "Though the tough cough and hiccough plough me through"? He says that the dream of an unchanging language is unhistorical and impossible; that a living language must change, and he points to the spelling of Chaucer and the First Folio Shakespeare as showing that the spelling of the English language has changed; and if this is so, why should not we help the inevitable change to take a rational direction? He points to the fact that a few years ago the word *programme* was almost universally spelled thus, while now, by a kind of common consent, it is almost as universally spelled *program*; and that some years ago a place of imprisonment was called a *gaol*, while now even the Oxford English Dictionary has accepted the American innovation *jail*. He tells us that other changes may be as easily made. He says that it is the reformers who want to get rid of the uncouth forms, such as *æra* for *era*, *apophthegm* for *apothem*, *manœuvre* for *maneuver*, and substitute simple for cumbrous combinations. He declares that he wants to begin with the school-children too, but that he wants the help of reasonable adults as well in furthering the cause of progress. He asks us if we really think that we ought to allow our prejudices to stand in the way of spelling reform, when such scholars in England as Drs. Murray, Skeat, Wright, and Bradley, and in America Professors March and Lounsbury, and the editors of the Century, the Standard,

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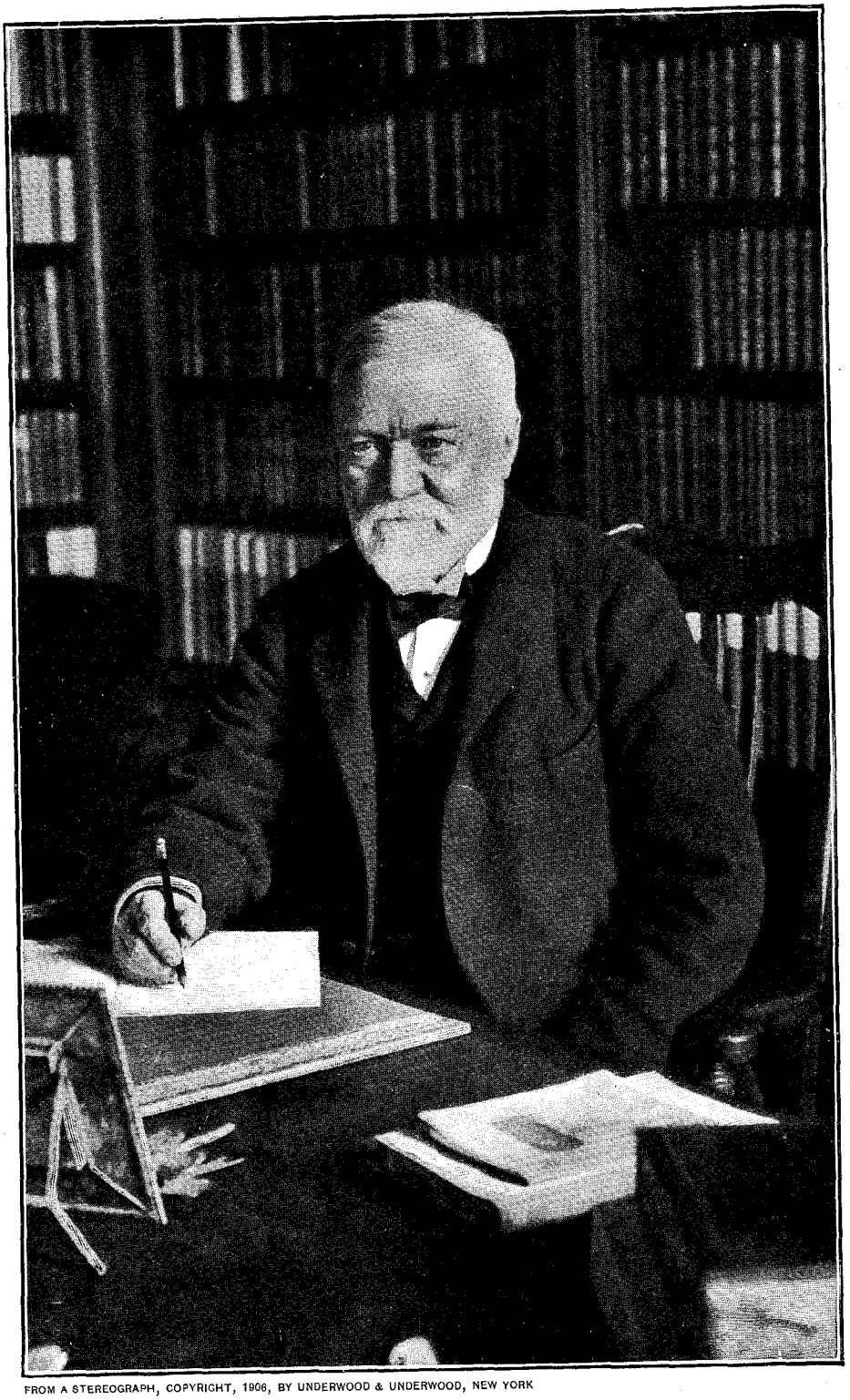

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ANDREW CARNEGIE

Mr. Carnegie is the unofficial treasurer of the Simplified Spelling Board, and has given the movement financial assistance

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and Webster's dictionaries, together with the Philological Societies of both countries, have overcome their prejudices and are in favor of it.

BRANDER MATTHEWS

Professor Matthews is the Chairman of the Simplified Spelling Board

Whatever may be thought of its propositions, the wisdom of the Simplified Spelling Board in its plan of campaign must be recognized. This is shown in the fact that since it was organized, early this year, it has accomplished very much more in arousing public attention and securing adherents to its moderate changes than was accomplished by the older societies which aimed at a far more comprehensive and radical reform. A society which can gain the public ear has taken a most important step toward the accomplishment of its work.

In order that The Outlook's readers may judge for themselves as to the char-

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acter of the Simplified Spelling Board's recommendations, the entire list of words as approved by that Board is here printed. The significance of the letters and figures following the words is explained in the prefatory notes.

W = Webster's Dictionary (1864, 1890, 1900).
C = Century Dictionary (1889-1891).
S = Standard Dictionary (1894), with supplement.
P = Philological Societies, that is, the American Philological Association and the (British) Philological Society. Nearly all the three hundred simplified spellings here mentioned, and three thousand more, are recommended by the Philological Societies. The fact is here noted only in a few special cases.
NEA = The National Educational Association (the Twelve Words, 1898).
The superior figure indicates that the dictionary in question allows the form so marked as an alternative or secondary spelling.

abridgment W C S
accouter W C^2 S
accurst W^2 C^2 S
acknowledgment W C S
addrest Spenser, Jonson, Milton, Pope, Fitzgerald, C^2S^2
adz W C S
affixt P
altho Bunyan, P NEA
anapest W C S
anemia C^2 S
anesthesia W^2 C^2 S
anesthetic W^2 C^2 S
antipyrin C S
antitoxin C S
apothem (better than *apothegm*)
apprize Goldsmith, Miss Edgeworth, C^2
arbor W C S
archeology Skeat, W^2 C^2 S
ardor W C S
armor W C S
artizan Addison, C^2 P
assize W C S
ax W C S
bans (not *banns*) Gay
bark (not *barque*) W C S
behavior W C S
blest W^2 C^2 S^2
blusht Shakespeare, Burns
brazen W C S
brazier W C S
bun W C S
bur W C S
caliber W C S
caliper W C S
candor W C S
carest (not *caressed*) Burns
catalog Minsheu (1599), S P NEA
catechize W^2 C S
center W C S
chapt P
check W C S
checker W C S
chimera W C S
civilize W C S
clamor W C S
clangor W C S
clapt Bible (1611), Shakespeare, Dekker, Fuller, De Foe, Lamb, Tennyson, C^2 S^2
claspt Stanyhurst, Goldsmith, Tennyson, C^2 S^2
clipt Bible (1611), Shelley, Tennyson, Lowell, C^2 S^2
clue W C S
coeval W C S
color W C S
colter W C S
commixt S^2
comprest Tennyson
comprize Holland, Florio, Henry More
confest Raleigh, Milton, Dryden, Addison, Pope, Gray, Goldsmith, Trumbull, C S^2
controller W C S
coquet W C S (v.)
criticize W^2 C S
cropt Bible (1611), Pope, C^2
crost Shakespeare, Bunyan, Dryden, Burns, Scott, Tennyson, Lowell
crusht Spenser, Bible (1611), Milton, Fuller, Burns
cue W C S
curst Shakespeare, Bunyan, Dryden, Goldsmith, Pope, Burns, W^2 C^2 S^2
cutlas C S
cyclopedia W C S
dactyl W C S
dasht Lodge
decalog P NEA
defense W C S
demagog P NEA
demeanor W C S
deposit W C S
deprest Milton, Gray, Burns
develop W C S
dieresis W^2 C S
dike W C S
dipt Bible (1611), Milton, Fuller, Dryden, Pope, Gray, Shenstone, Boswell, Scott, Tennyson, Lowell, S^2
discust P
dispatch W C^2 S^2
distil W^2 C S
distrest Raleigh, Milton, Thomson, Goldsmith, Burns, Lowell
dolor W C S
domicil W C^2 S
draft W C S
dram W C S
drest Spenser, Shakespeare, Bunyan, Dryden, Pope, Thomson, Shenstone, Goldsmith, Burns, Boswell, Lamb, Tennyson, W^2 C^2 S^2
dript Hacket
droopt Tennyson
dropt Shakespeare, Jonson, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Shenstone, Coleridge, Jane Austen, Landor, Mrs. Browning, Tennyson, Swinburne, Lowell, Lytton, W^2 S^2
dulness Pope, Thomson, W^2 C S
ecumenical W C S
edile W^2 C S
egis W^2 C^2 S
enamor W C S
encyclopedia W C S
endeavor W C S
envelop W C S
Eolian W^2 C^2 S
eon W C S
epaulet W C S
eponym W C S
era W C S
esophagus W C S
esthetic W^2 C S
esthetics W^2 C S
estivate W^2 C S
ether W C S
etiology W^2 C S
exorcize C^2 S
exprest Spenser, Selden, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Goldsmith
fagot W C S
fantasm W^2 C^2
fantasy W C S
fantom W^2 C^2 S
favor W C S
favorite W C S
fervor W C S
fiber W C S
fixt Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Cowley, Bunyan, Dryden, Thomson, Thirlwall
flavor W C S
fulfil W^2 C S
fulness W^2 C S
gage W^2 C S
gazel W^2 C S
gelatin W C S
gild (not *guild*) C S
gipsy W^2 C S
gloze W C S
glycerin W C S
good-by W C S
gram W C S
gript Milton, Tennyson
harbor W C S
harken W^2 C S
heapt Shakespeare, Jonson, Milton, Lowell
hematin C S
hiccup W C S
hock (not *hough*) W C S
homeopathy W C S
homonym W C S
honor W C S
humor W C S
husht Shakespeare, Dryden, Wilson, Lytton
hypotenuse W C S

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idolize W C S
imprest Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Burns, Cary
instil W C S
jail W C S
judgment W C S
kist Spenser, Shakespeare, Jonson, Selden, Milton, Goldsmith, Lamb, Tennyson
labor W C S
lacrimal S
lapt Hooker, Tennyson, Lowell, Lewis Morris
lasht Spenser, Shakespeare, Middleton, Quarles
leapt Shakespeare, Jonson, Addison, Collins, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Mrs. Browning, Swinburne, Lowell, W² C² S²
legalize W C S
license W C S
licorice W C S
liter W C S
lodgment W C S
lookt Spenser, Shakespeare, Jonson, Milton, Bunyan, DeFoe
lopt Shakespeare, Jonson, Milton, Young
luster W C S
mama W² C S
maneuver W C S
materialize W C S
meager W C S
medieval W C S
meter W C S
mist (not *missed*) Shakespeare, Lodge, Jonson, Walton, Bunyan, Lowell
miter W C S
mixt Bible (1611), Shakespeare, Bacon, Jonson, Milton, Bunyan, Addison, Pope, Shenstone, Lowth, S²
mold W C S
molder W C S
molding W C S
moldy W C S
molt W C S
mullen W² C²
naturalize W C S
neighbor W C S
niter W C S
nipt Spenser, Shakespeare, Pope, Shelley
ocher W C S
odor W C S
offense W C S
omelet W C S
opprest Spenser, Raleigh, Jonson, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Thomson, Goldsmith, Burns, Byron, Tennyson
orthopedic W C S
paleography W C S
paleolithic W C S
paleontology W C S
paleozoic W C S
paraffin W C S
parlor W C S
partizan W² C S
past (not *passed*) Shakespeare, Dryden, Pope, Lowth, Goldsmith, Burns, Tennyson, Fitzgerald, W² C² S²
patronize W C S
pedagog P NEA
pedobaptist W C S
phenix W C S
phenomenon W C S
pigmy W² C S
plow W C S
polyp W C S
possest Spenser, Shakespeare, Jonson, Hooker, Raleigh, Milton, Fuller, Bunyan, Addison, Pope, Gray, Goldsmith, Lowell
practise, v. and n. W² C (v.) S
prefixt Mason (1800), P
prenomen W² C S
prest Spenser, Raleigh, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Shenstone, Goldsmith, Burns, Bulwer, Swinburne, Tennyson, Lowell, Fitzgerald, C²
pretense W C S
preterit W C S
pretermit W C S
primeval W C S
profest Spenser, Shakespeare, Jonson, Raleigh, Selden, Pope, Lamb
program Scott, Sweet, C S
prolog Furnivall, P NEA
propt Dryden, Pope, Burns, Frere, Tennyson, Lowell
pur W C² S
quartet W C S
questor W C S
quintet W C S
rancor W C S
rapt (not *rapped*) P
raze W C S
recognize W C S
reconnoiter W C S
rigor W C S
rime W² C S
ript Cowper
rumor W C S
saber W C S
saltpeter W C S
savior W C S
savor W C S
scepter W C S
septet W C S
sepulcher W C S
sextet W C S
silvan Scott, W C²
simitar W² C S
sipt Lamb, Tennyson
sithe Milton, Johnson (1755), Walker (1775, 1791), Sheridan (1780), Worcester², W² C² S²
skilful W² C S
skipt Shakespeare, Milton
slipt Shakespeare, Hooker, Jonson, Tennyson, S²
smolder W C S
snapt Lowth, Coleridge, S²
somber W C S
specter W C S
splendor W C S
stedfast Bible (1611, 1906), Bunyan, Thomson, Shenstone, W² C²
stept Spenser, Milton, Bunyan, Dryden, De Foe, Pope, Goldsmith, Burns, Scott, Jane Austen, Tennyson, S²
stopt Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Thomson, Goldsmith, Scott, Jane Austen, Tennyson
strest P
stript Shakespeare, Fuller, Bunyan, Pope, Richardson, Shenstone, Goldsmith, Burns, Scott, Lamb, Tennyson, Swinburne, Lowell, S²
subpena W² C²
succor W C S
suffixt P
sulfate P S
sulfur Gale (1676), P S
sumac W C S
supprest Hooker, Jonson, Fuller, Pope
surprize Fuller, Evelyn, De Foe, Thomson, Shenstone, Goldsmith, Jane Austen
synonym W C S
tabor W C S
tapt Tennyson
teazel W² C S
tenor W C S
theater W C S
tho Evelyn, Bunyan, Mallet, Webster (1806), P NEA (tho', Evelyn, Dryden, Addison, Pope, De Foe, Thomson, Goldsmith, Johnson, Lamb, Tennyson, etc.)
thoro NEA
thorofare NEA
thoroly NEA
thru P NEA
thruout P NEA
tipt Milton, Pope, Somervile
topt S²
tost Milton, Dryden, Ray, Addison, Thomson, Shenstone, Burns, Whittier, Lowell, W² C² S²
transgrest Hooker
trapt Tennyson, P
tript Shakespeare, Shenstone, Landor
tumor W C S
valor W C S
vapor W C S
vext Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Thomson, Tennyson, Longfellow, Lowell
vigor W C S
vizor W C S
wagon W C S
washt Puttenham, Spenser, Shakespeare, Hooker
whipt Shakespeare, Fuller, Pope, Scott, P
whisky W C S
wilful W² C S
winkt P
wisht Spenser, Shakespeare, Jonson, Milton
wo W² C² S
woful W² C² S
woolen W C S
wrapt Jonson, Milton, Fuller, Dryden, Bunyan, Pope, Cowper, Burns, Scott, Lowell, Fiske, W² C² S²

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WILLIAM TRAVERS JEROME

Mr. Jerome is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor of New York on a platform of opposition to boss rule

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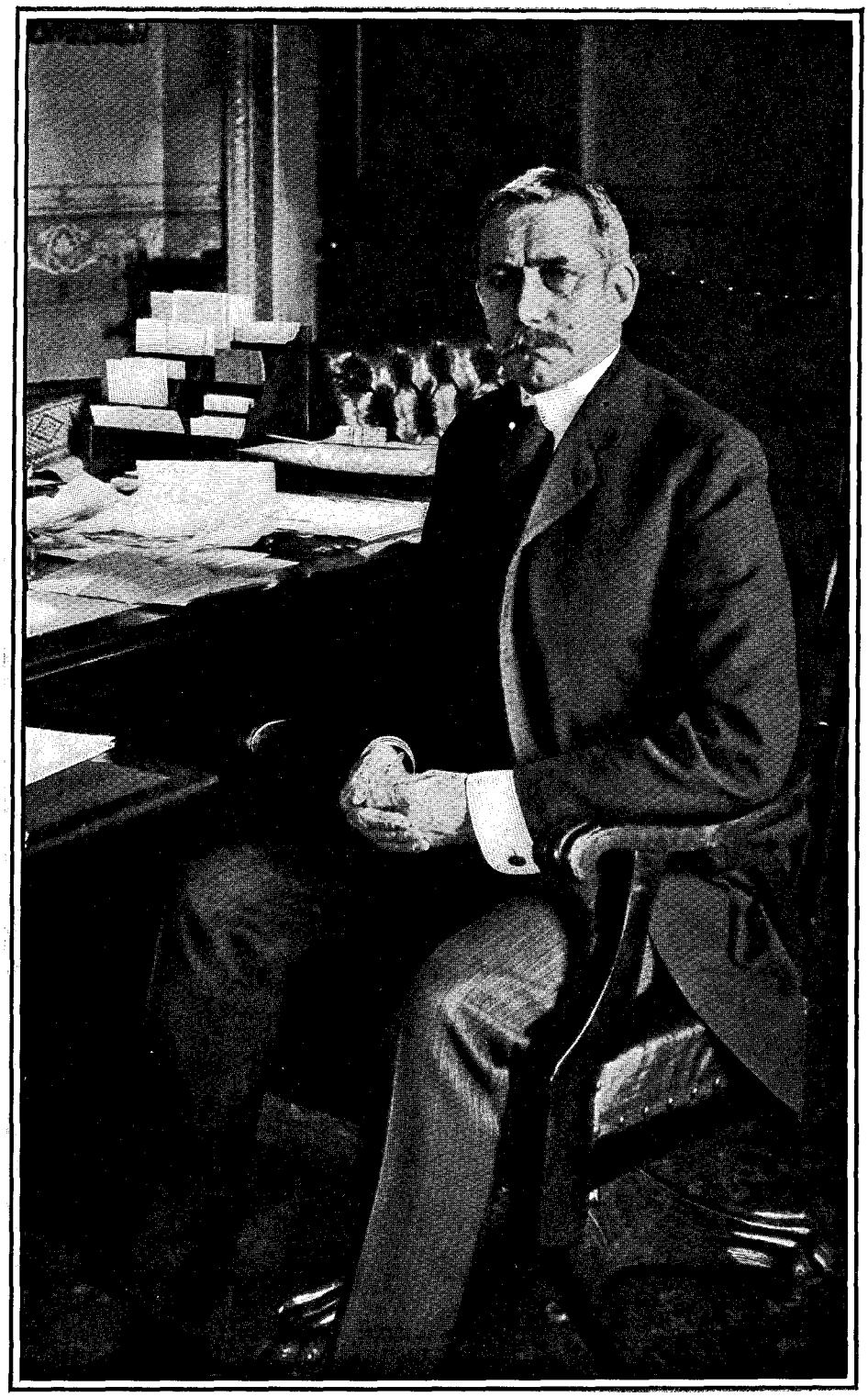

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ELIHU ROOT

Secretary of State of the United States

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THE WESTERN WORLD IN CONFERENCE

Rio de Janeiro and the Conference at the Palace Monroe

BY SYLVESTER BAXTER

Special Representative of The Outlook at the Pan-American Conference

N Rio de Janeiro we find a fascinating blending of Iberian antiquity and twentieth-century modernity. The third great city of the Latin race; the second city in South America and now advancing almost neck and neck with Buenos Ayres; the largest Portuguese-speaking city, greater than Lisbon and Oporto together; capital of the Portuguese Empire less than a century ago, now capital of the New World's second great Republic—such is the capital of Brazil.

The original city, the "old town," is much like Seville or Havana—exceedingly narrow streets and almost rectangular in plan. Sunlight reaches the pavement only an hour or so at noonday; even then only in the tropical midsummer. So there is nearly always shade. And in the shade the tropical heat seldom is excessive. In its growth the city has spread out all over the foothills and the "morros"—the detached lesser hills and promontories that rise out of the town here and there—delightfully picturesque in rambling, irregular construction of buildings and thoroughfares; house walls of richly diversified coloring that glow in the strong sunlight. In architecture, in customs, in cuisine, in the looks of the people, on every hand there is practically little difference from what is seen in Spanish countries. The culture is Iberian—a culture almost identical in Spain and Portugal. In institutions, therefore, all South America is practically homogeneous, despite the slight difference of language between Brazil and the other countries.

The Brazilian capital gives us one great surprise—a surprise that for most of us meant a revision of old ideas as to the energy and capacity of tropical peoples. I myself, to be sure, have long maintained that the heat of tropical countries means intensified energy in human activities as well as in vegetable growth and animal activity. It is a well-known fact that horses make their best speed in hot weather, and that baseball players are spurred to their best efforts under midsummer conditions. Hence it should not be surprising to learn that tropical youth are fond of athletic sport, and that baseball is immensely in favor throughout the new American tropical possessions and wherever American influence extends—the Philippines, Cuba, Panama. On the other hand, think of the semi-hibernating Russian peasants, sleeping through the winter days over their huge stoves! Which makes for physical energy, hot weather or cold? In cold weather we exercise to keep warm, not because conditions incite to activity. On the other hand, tropical peoples are

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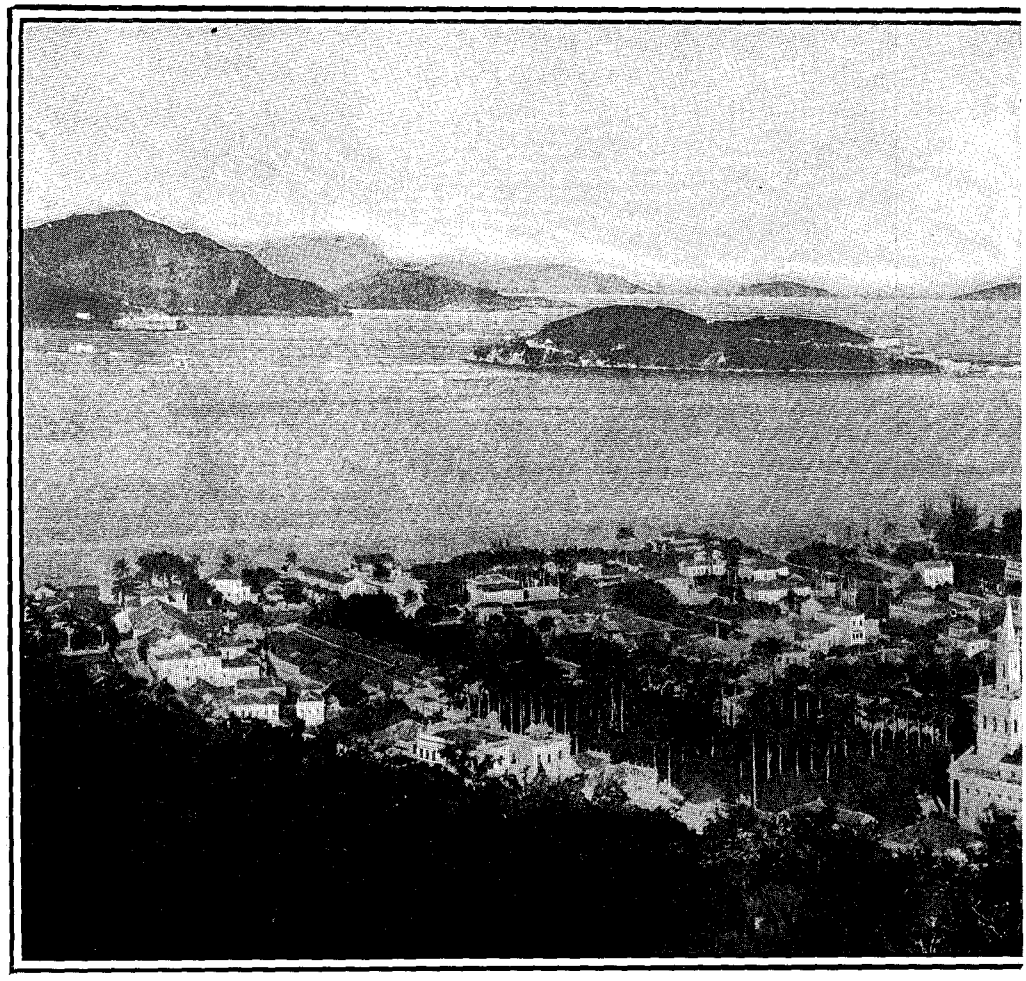

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not indolent because their climate discourages activity. Nature supplies so many of their wants in such abundance that they have no call to exert themselves for the things necessary to physical existence in rigorous climates—heavy clothing, fuel. They would be foolish to fly around and work hard merely to obtain things they do not need.

The surprise that modern Rio de Janeiro has for us is its revelation as to what a great tropical community is capable of in the way of civic energy and industrial efficiency. Rio is a great city. Its population is said to be at least 850,000. Some hold that this year's census will bring it close to the million mark. Not long ago it was a pest-hole, one of the worst nests of yellow fever in existence. Now it is one of the healthiest cities in the world, its death-rate far less than New York's. Yellow fever has been exterminated. The health board is run on the most enlightened principles. The emergency teams instantly respond to a call and hasten to the spot with disinfectants, mosquito-netting, etc., with a promptness said to exceed even that of the fire department.

The great revelation, however, is that which makes the city of to-day at once the marvel and the admiration of every visitor. Like every large old city, great changes are necessary to adapt it to modern conditions. These have been undertaken in a way that would give points to New York, Boston, or Chicago as to how to do things. We think of

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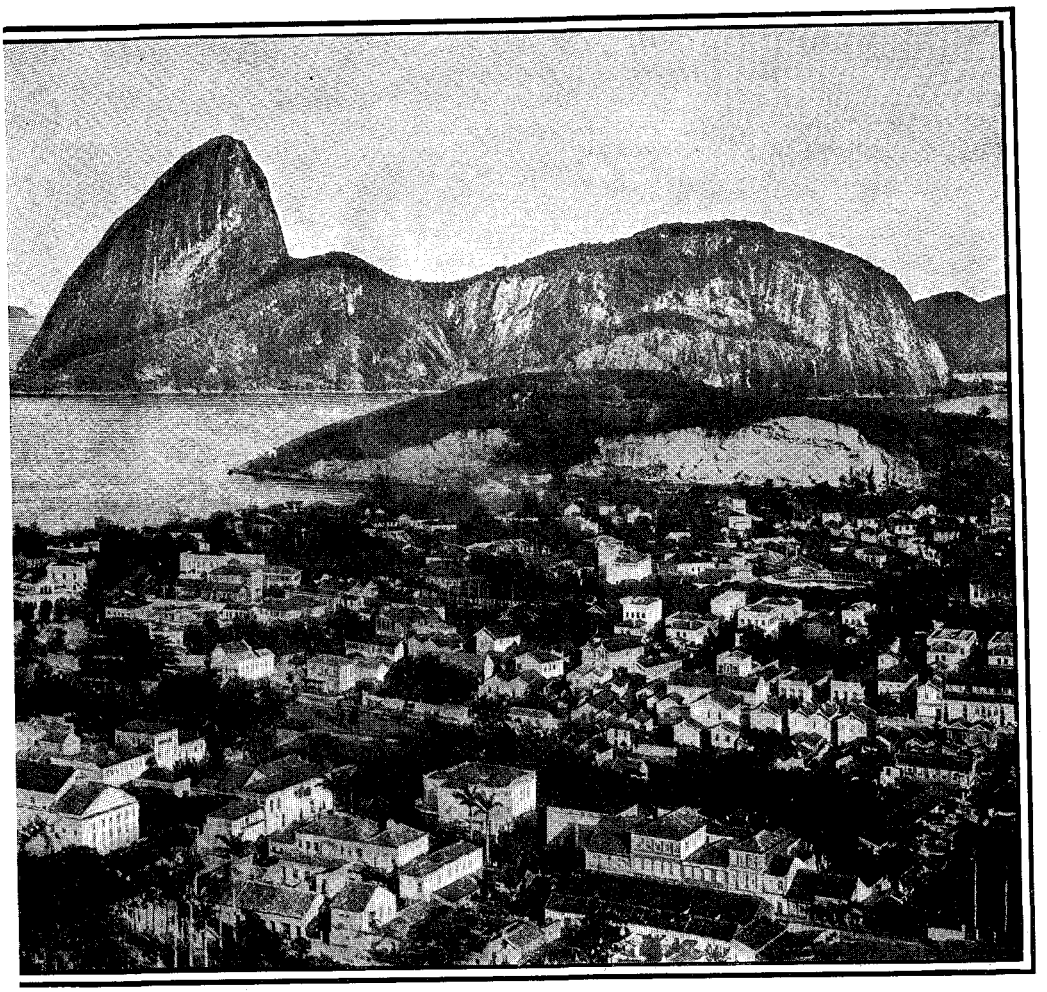

HARBOR OF RIO DE JANEIRO

tropical communities as indolent, procrastinating, never doing anything to-day that can be put off till to-morrow; laying plans for next year and deferring them for a decade—perhaps for a century. But evidently the motto of this tropical metropolis is, "Do it now!" Public works on a tremendous scale have been planned for. These are now being carried out with marvelous promptitude. Expenditures of millions upon millions are involved. Harbor works, a revised city plan, new pavements of the best sort—the whole city seems to be in the throes of reconstruction. The first section of a magnificent dock system is about to be opened for use; for the first time big ocean liners will discharge and load at their piers. They are fairly Haussmannizing the city with great street extensions, widenings, and entirely new thoroughfares. Two great "morros" are to be leveled and cast into the bay. They are superbly picturesque elements in the scenery of Rio. But their room is needed for the city's growth, and they must go as Fort Hill went in Boston. There are plenty of picturesque hills left, however.

A magnificent avenue, over a mile long and about one hundred and ten feet wide, has just been cut through the heart of the old town. This Avenida Central is a marvel of rapid construction. Work was begun eighteen months ago. To-day it stands complete, lined with costly modern business buildings, paved with asphalt, and su-

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perbly illuminated—through the center a line of handsomely designed electric light standards, alternating with young shade trees; along the wide, mosaic-paved sidewalks equally well-designed clusters of fine, high-power gas lamps, also alternating with shade trees. In a few years these trees will make a beautiful feature of the avenue. At either end the Avenida Central is designed to continue in noble esplanades along the bay shore. These esplanades, now under construction, will soon be completed in great part, the one down the bay extending southward along the shore of the open ocean, fringed by the breakers of the trade-wind's swell. In the other direction the shore drive will border the greater part of the bay. This is the most magnificent system of waterside drives ever designed for any great city. It surpasses even the famous seashore drives of Boston's metropolitan park system, commanding countless views of an incomparable landscape.

The celerity of building construction is another marvel. The erection of the monumental building where the Conference of American Republics holds its sessions is an Aladdin-like achievement. The exquisitely beautiful Brazilian Government building at the St. Louis World's Fair was deservedly honored with a first prize for architecture. It was designed by General Aguiar, an eminent architect and engineer in Rio de Janeiro. The Brazilian Government wisely determined to perpetuate the design in permanent form, building it in time to serve as the meeting-place for the Conference, after which it is to be utilized as a permanent commercial museum. So it is called the Palacio das Exposições. The work began only about six months ago. But even seven weeks ago there was nothing to be seen above the foundations. Everything was in readiness, however. The structure grew as by magic. It was a different proposition from the St. Louis realization of the design. Then it was a matter of wood and "staff"—an improvisation, as of stage scenery. Now it was enduring masonry—rough brick and stucco finish; a method common in Europe and well adapted for this equable climate.

When the Conference assembled everything was ready for it. Without there was only the painting of the dome to be finished, and the marble balustrade for one of the great loggias. Within all was in apple-pie order, as they say in New England—no loose ends, no ragged edges, every little detail thoughtfully looked after, down to the charmingly simple floral decorations and the stationery for the members' desks.

The grounds, too, were complete. I was told that a week before all was chaos about the building. Then the grass was put in, the ground was covered with cloth to "sweat" it, and three days later, when the covering was lifted, behold! there was green grass! Immediately about the building a provisional result was satisfactorily reached with a carpet of many hundreds of thickly planted little palms, such as they use for table decorations at home.

A charmingly good taste is evident in many things on every hand. I have instanced the handsomely designed lamps on the Avenida Central. The architectural details of the Conference building are admirable in this respect—an elegant simplicity, rich with a fine restraint, nothing overdone. The interior decoration is simple, quiet, nothing obtrusive, all as if to meet the taste of a friendly gathering of correctly mannered people.

Externally the only decorations are supplied by flags of the various republics displayed on the building, the standard of Brazil floating from the dome. It all has a superbly festal effect, the beautiful white palace standing at the point of vantage just where the grand Avenida Central becomes the bayside esplanade, now in rapid construction. Here, from a staff beside the building, floats the Pan-American banner—the flags of the republics represented combined in one great standard—the colors of Brazil appropriately honored by repetition at the four corners.

Such is the domicile of the Conference of American Republics; such its setting in what Nature has made the most gloriously circumstanced of the world's great capitals, to which man's work is giving a dignity and a precious beauty commensurate with its environment.

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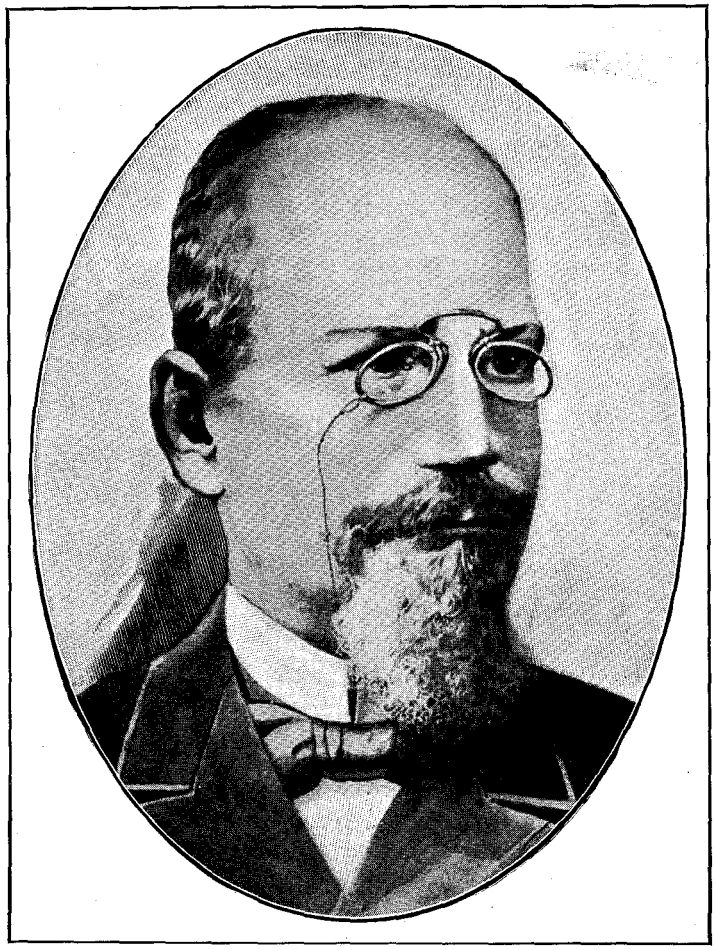
The opening of the Conference on Monday evening, July 23, tallied well with the traditions of republican simplicity. No "fireworks," no playing to the gallery. The delegates, various Brazilian officials of State, secretaries of the Conference, members of the press, and a company of ladies—wives or daughters of the delegates, ladies from distinguished Brazilian families. A select company; only a few hundred, all told. Naturally, the Latin type was overwhelmingly predominant—the type so familiar in Paris, but more universally in evidence in Italy, Spain, and Portugal, and the daughter-nations of the latter two—the swarthy complexion, black hair, dark eyes, and jauntily upturned mustache, occasionally a closely trimmed beard. In some of the delegates the type was modified by ethnic circumstance: here the admixture of Indian blood in varying degrees; occasionally a tinge of the African. In the latter instances, however, the Latin type has imparted itself, as a rule, more definitely than to the very considerable number of individuals—not to mention the American contingent—marked by the blood of northerly races, Germanic and Celtic types. The latter could be accounted for by way of Spain and Portugal, in parts of which countries Gothic and Galician blood very strongly marks the population. Then intermarriage with English, Irish, German, and American residents has



SEÑOR RODRIGUES ALVER
President of the Brazilian Republic

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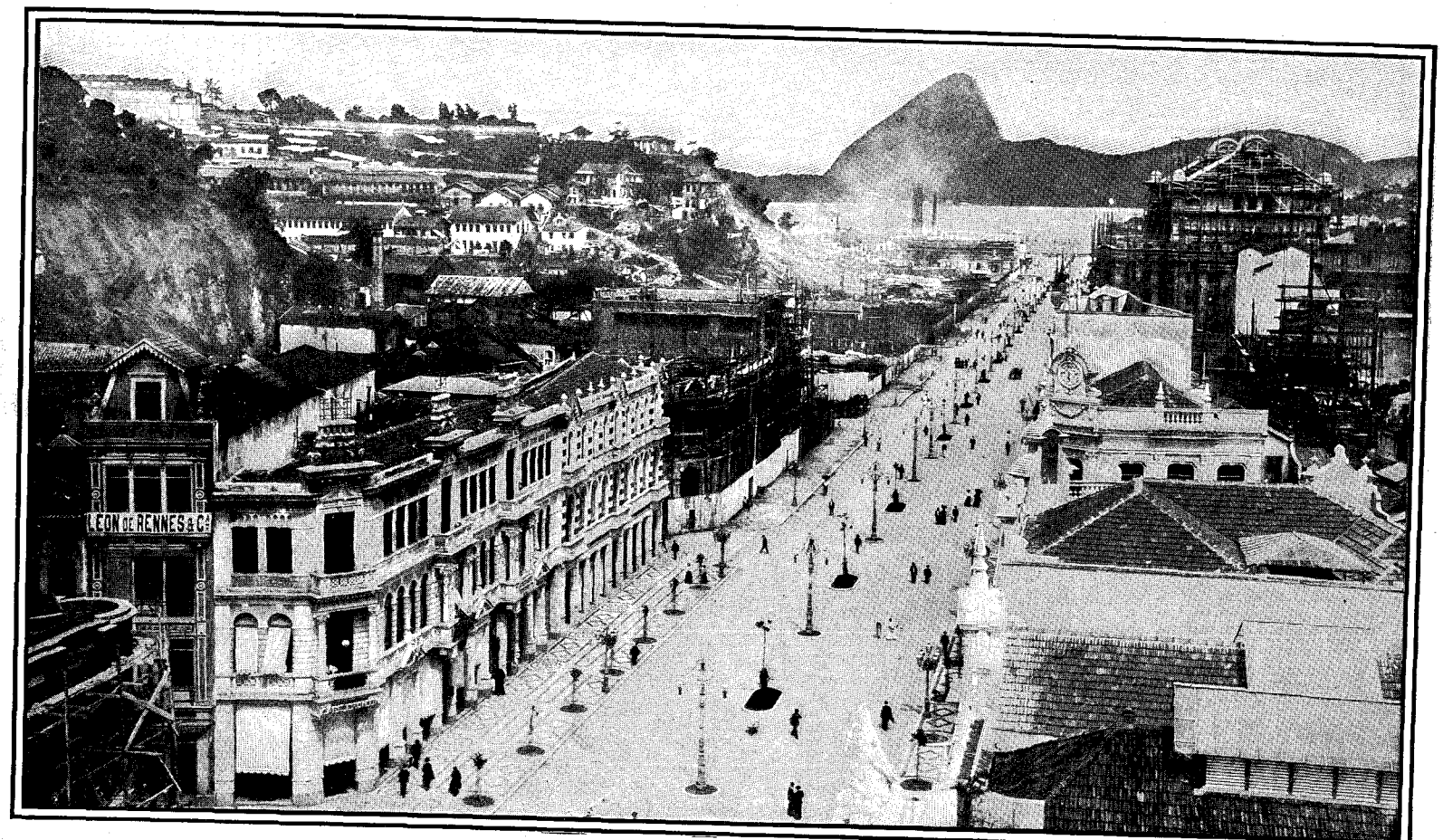

AVENIDA CENTRAL

This magnificent avenue, over a mile long and about one hundred and ten feet wide, was cut through the heart of the old town and completed in eighteen months. It is lined with costly modern business buildings, paved with asphalt, and superbly illuminated

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affected the names and the individuality of various distinguished Latin-American families—for instance, the very able Señor Walker-Martinez, a Chileno through and through.

A perfect evening; the Southern Cross high in the heavens, calm air, and the delicious mildness of a sitting-out-on-the-terrace midsummer night at home. The doors at either end of the Conference hall were opened wide upon the spacious great loggias. It was delightful to stroll out there and enjoy the illuminations of the garden, the splendidly lighted Avenida, the vast and orderly crowds, the tranquil bay, the mysterious rays of a powerful searchlight from the Brazilian war-ship Barroza concentrated upon the palace, revealing every detail of its marble-like beauty.

Baron do Rio Branco, the Brazilian minister of foreign relations and temporary president of the Conference, opened the session with a felicitious address. He looked the statesman that he is—a great head suggesting Bismarck-like power, though going no further in personal resemblance to the famous German. The Baron exemplifies the northern racial influences just spoken of. The Brazilian noblemen of the late empire retain their titles by right, but their rank is not hereditary and will pass with the present generation. The Baron is reserved, unemotional in manner. His brief opening address, delivered in his native Portuguese, was a notable utterance. Beneath the felicitous phraseology naturally to be expected there was the undertone of deep and genuine feeling; something beyond the sincerely emotional expression of kindly sentiment that such an occasion properly invokes. He showed in heart and soul a complete grasp of the fundamental significance of international events like this. "The so-called 'congresses of peace' of our day," he said, "assemble to settle the consequences of wars; the victors dictate the law for the vanquished in the name of a future amity based upon respect for the strongest. But congresses like the present are almost always convoked in full peace, though with some constraint, by well-understood prearrangement to regulate the pacific activities of nations. And they regard equally the rights of the weakest as of the strongest. They give body and form and authority to the international law, happily each time better riveted, which constitutes a grand step in the history of civilization. At the same time they originate in the currents of opinion produced by the better diffusion of intellectual culture, by the progressive importance of economic interests, and by the assiduous propaganda of humanitarian and peaceful sentiment. To the tormentful and cruel negotiations in which one side begs for justice or generosity, and the other imposes the law of his exclusive will, succeeds today the serene and friendly discussion in which each side expounds amicably and clearly, and from its own point of view, questions of practical concern and of general convenience. . . . And by such means, far from being diminished, national dignity issues enhanced from diplomatic encounters in which there are neither victors nor vanquished."

An incident of the opening made a generally happy impression as an event of good omen. The brief war between Guatemala on the one hand and San Salvador and Honduras on the other had broken out while delegates from the three countries involved were voyaging southward in blissful ignorance and most amicably on the same steamer. When the news came to them at Pernambuco, it made an awkward situation for them. Fortunately, the skies were clearing when they reached Rio. Baron do Rio Branco closed his address with the announcement that the dolorous impression lately prevailing that the opening of the Conference would be marred by the fact of war between three of the republics represented had been dissipated by the results of the good offices exerted by the Presidents of the United States and of Mexico.

Thereupon the Chairman of the Guatemalan delegation, Dr. Antonio Batrés Jáurequi—a most likable and unpretentious man, genuine *bonhomie* informing voice and feature, took the first opportunity to read an official telegram just received from the President of his country. Dr. Delgado, of San Salvador, and Señor Dávila, of Honduras, responded

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with heartfelt good feeling. Señor Esquivel, of Costa Rica, spoke for the solidarity of Central America, and on motion of Dr. Portela, of Argentina, the first act of the Conference was made a vote of thanks to Presidents Roosevelt and Diaz for their fortunate intervention.

In quality of membership the Conference impresses an observer most favorably. In nearly all the Latin-American republics men of uncommon ability take leading parts in public affairs. Moreover, they are likely to be educated men, cultivated, traveled, well skilled in diplomatic conduct. Such men are more than a match for the sort of representatives our Government not so very long ago was apt to select to meet them—mere politicians, merely rich men, men ignorant of any foreign language, men with some political "pull," or appointed to meet political obligations.

In this country or that complaints have been made in the local press to the effect that the delegates appointed were not so strong as they should be. The general appearance of the Conference, however, does not indicate this. A friend who was at the Conference of Mexico says that the average here is certainly higher than on that occasion. The spirit of the gathering—the feeling of harmony, of mutual confidence—appears to be far and away above that of Mexico; free from the intrigue, the clashing of interests and antagonistic cliques so much in evidence there. One notes no dominating individualities here, though there are not a few strong men, men of high character, but not particularly bent upon self-assertion—at least so far. To take our nearest neighbor, for instance: Señor de la Barra, the Chairman of the Mexican delegation and Minister to Belgium from his country, is a sympathetic man of genuine worth, scholarly, of the blond Spanish type. His eloquence is of the self-possessed, natural sort; his clearly enunciated, deliberately flowing Castilian a delight to hear. He is writing the introduction for the Spanish edition of Mr. Carnegie's book on International Arbitration, soon to appear in the leading languages. Another Mexican delegate is Señor Garcia Garrada, quiet and modest, a notable personality. He is a civil engineer, trained at Carlsruhe, and a master of German and English. The head of Argentina's delegation, Don Epifanio Portela, his country's Minister at Washington, certainly makes good in behalf of that strong republic. In his energetic manner, brisk, frank, and to the point, there is evident the distinctive quality we are wont to call "Northern," but which in Argentina is as characteristically "Southern." Many other interesting instances of typical personalities might be cited.

As to our own delegation: Its composition illustrates the care in selection that characterizes the new spirit in affairs of state. Mr. Buchanan, of long and valuable diplomatic experience, a master of Spanish, tactful, genial, businesslike and decisive; Señor Larrinaga, as a Puertoriqueño appropriately representing our new colonial interests, and attesting our direct identification with Spanish America; Professor Reinsch, scholarly and deliberate, clearly the collegian, the author of important works on colonial administration and studies in government—a political economist of the modern constructive school; Professor Rowe, another able economist, active and energetic, his two years of practical experience in Porto Rico, codifying the laws of the island, of much potential value for the present occasion. Here we have four of the six delegates well versed in Spanish and specially qualified for the work in hand. Professor Rowe, it may be stated here, is to remain after the Conference, spending eighteen months in studying South American conditions and devoting his sabbatical year to the work—a departure from the college professor's traditional year in Europe. Then the two remaining delegates: ex-Governor Montague, of Virginia, is a man of public affairs, and both he and Mr. Polk enjoy wide familiarity with the world, and of the sort that makes them a credit to their country on occasions like this. Mr. Polk, it should be said, is a close personal friend of the President's.

It was apparently expected that the American delegation would be much in evidence. It has, however, kept itself discreetly in the background, without

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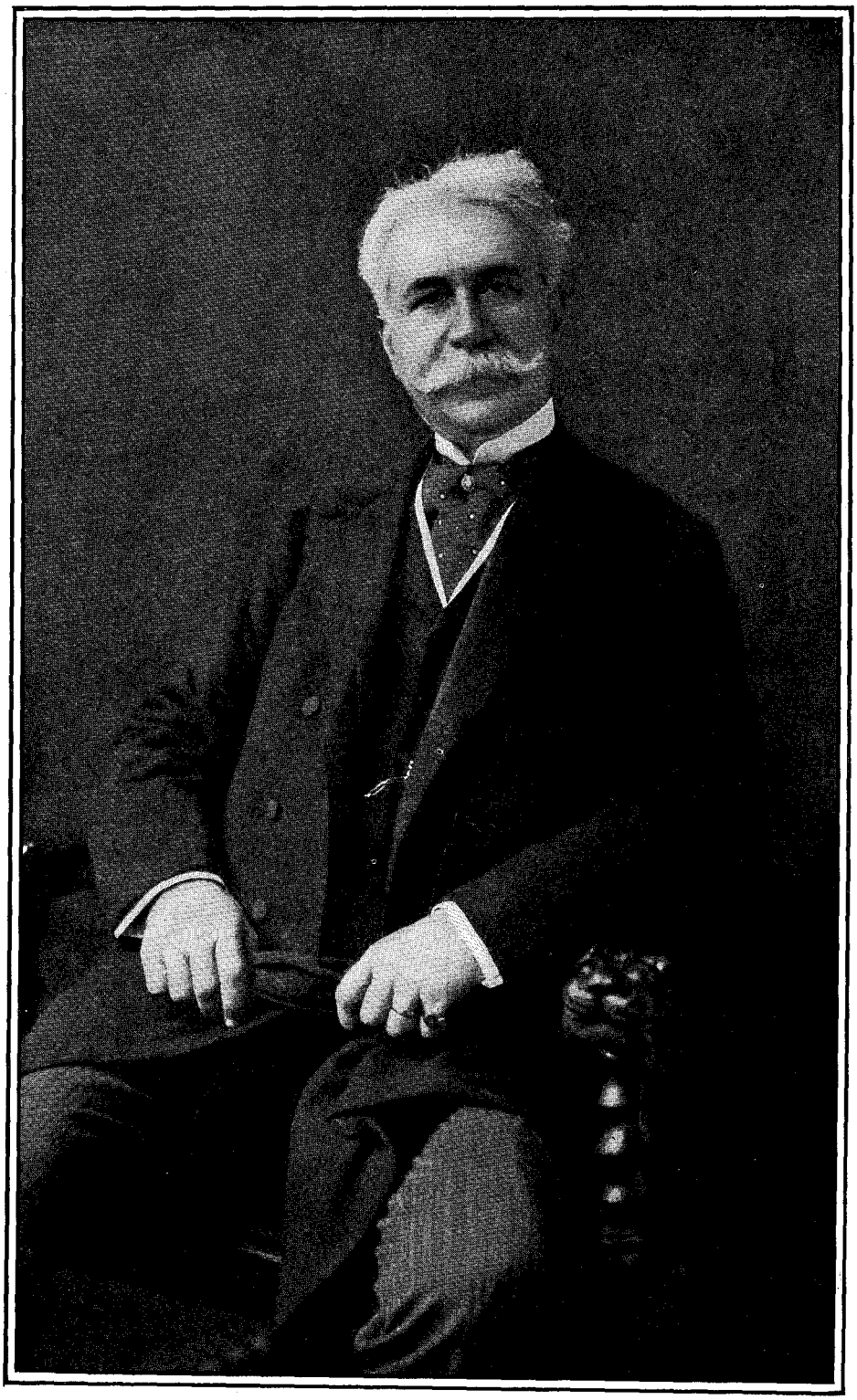

SEÑOR JOAQUIM NABUCO
Brazilian Ambassador at Washington, unanimously elected President of the Conference

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the least suggestion of self-assertion. The unprecedented event of the presence of the American Secretary of State has been sufficiently distinctive for our country. And very notably, with all its quietly dramatic significance—its suggestion of imperial democracy, so to speak—together with the non-assertive attitude of the American delegation, it has been of immense service in allaying all suspicions of an aggressive policy on the part of the United States that may have been entertained. If the friendly sentiments that the events of this Conference are doing so much to foster could only be promptly followed up by practical measures in the way of reciprocal trade arrangements and other desirable understandings, the practical results would be inestimable.

It is notable that the American delegates have made no use of their privilege to speak in their own language. The four recognized languages of the Conference are Portuguese, Spanish, English, and French. Practically, however, they are the former two. As a secretary of the Conference it is the duty of Mr. Starr Hunt to interpret in English or Spanish anything that may be said, or any document that may be introduced, in either language. But his task has been an easy one. Mr. Buchanan, acting as spokesman for his delegation, has always taken pains to speak in Spanish, which he has done both easily and gracefully.

The unanimous election of Señor Nabuco, the Brazilian Ambassador at Washington, to the presidency of the Conference, was a deserved tribute. He invariably uses Portuguese. Over in little Portugal it should send a thrill of pride through the nation—the fact that Portuguese is the language spoken by the head of a great international conference. It seems to hark back to the days when the Portuguese Empire covered half of the newly discovered and conquered lands of the world in Occident and Orient. Portuguese so closely resembles Spanish—being but a variant of the same lingual stock—that the Spanish-speaking delegates find little difficulty in following the President's words, particularly when the language is used with the purity and clearness that characterize Señor Nabuco's utterance. When we consider the vastness of Brazil and the certainty of an immense development and magnificent future for a country so teeming with natural resources, it gives us a new idea of the part Portuguese is to play as one of the world's great languages. The trouble is that it is so much like Spanish that one who learns the former is not likely to give it particular study. On the other hand, it is an advantage that it may so readily be read and orally understood by one conversant with Spanish—as easily, at least, as most of the provincial *patois* in Spain—Andalusian, Valencian, or Galician, for instance, or the ordinary Spanish of Cuba. One has but to get the hang of the prepositions, the alphabetical differences, the consonantal variants, and acquire a few dozen of new names for various things—*hontem* for *ayer*, "yesterday;" *hoje* for *hoy*, "to-day," for example—and one who knows Spanish achieves a fair knowledge of Portuguese. I never really studied Portuguese, but I find not the least difficulty in reading nearly everything in the daily newspapers.

To return to Señor Nabuco; it is worth recording that he is a most popular presiding officer—affable, courteous, and with a peculiarly winning graciousness of bearing. The business of the Conference has proceeded with remarkable smoothness from the start. This is due to the preparedness made possible by the laying out of the work at Washington by the committee of diplomatic representatives in charge. The Conference of Mexico once having come to an end, very little came of its conclusions. There was no one to take up and carry out the recommendations, and so, to a great extent, it went by default. Different things are expected now. The State Department at Washington is now closely in touch with the matter. It is likely to keep so. Therefore, whatever conclusions may be reached here, the State Department may be looked to to exert its powerful offices in behalf of giving them the necessary effect—not only at home, but also through its relations with the other nations concerned. It is recorded that not one of the twenty-three

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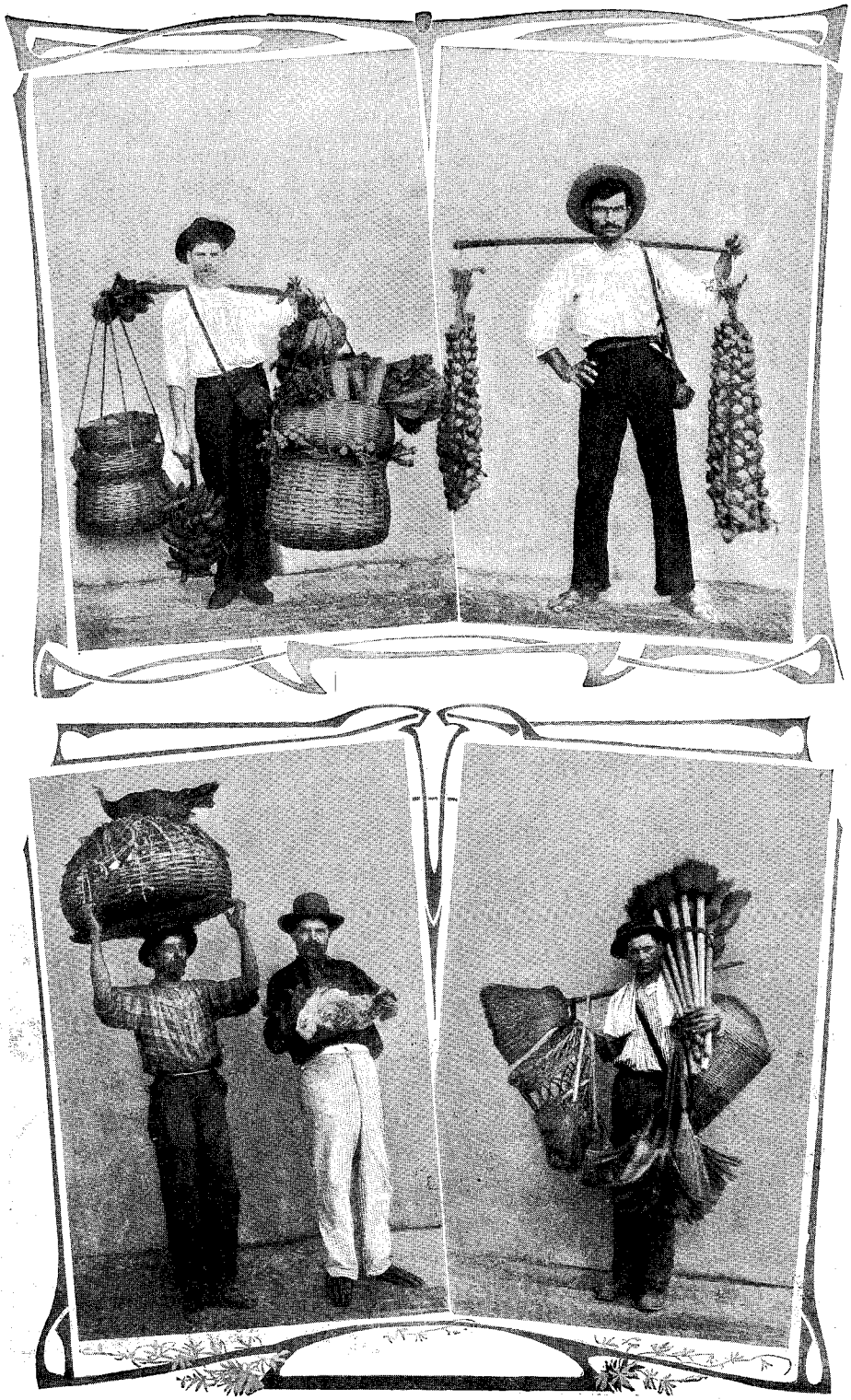

STREET VENDERS OF RIO DE JANEIRO

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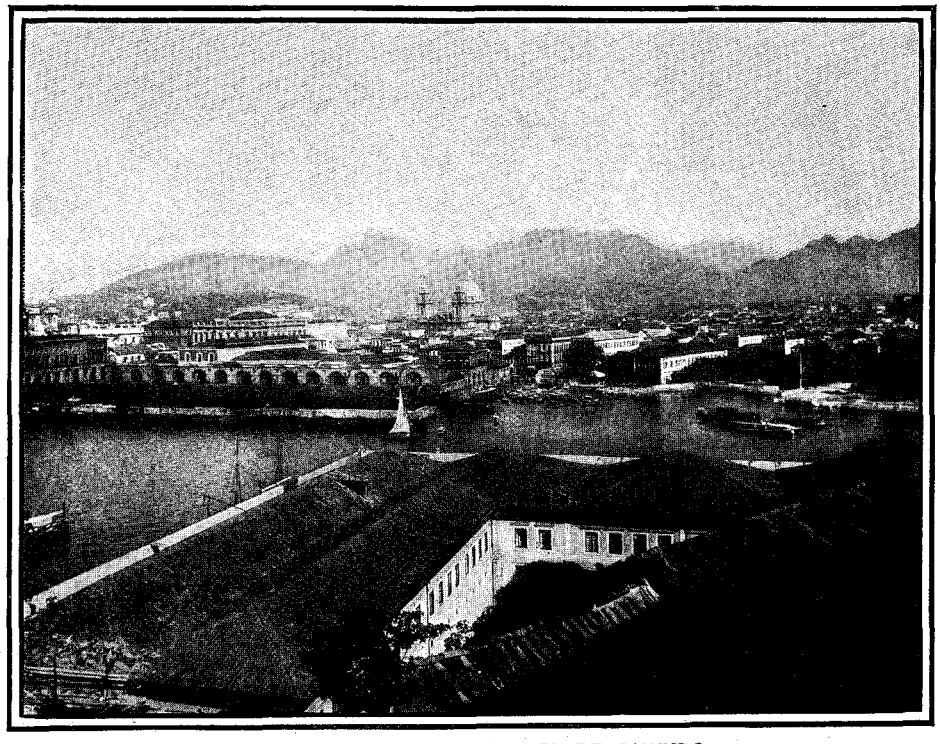
instruments signed at the Conference of Mexico was signed by seven of the participating governments—Brazil, Chile, Argentina, Paraguay, Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador. Such default does not seem likely in relation to the conclusions of this Conference.

Mr. Root's reception has more than justified the expectations formed. The enthusiasm, the cordiality, the hospitality—making all allowance for the impressionability of a volatile people—is thoroughly genuine. Hearts of Brazilians are touched by the unprecedented honor paid by such a visit. It looks as if it might bear fruits of inestimable value for all concerned.

It was a memorable spectacle—that of the aquatic procession slowly advancing shoreward across the calm surface of the magnificent bay from the moment when the salvos announced the start from the graceful great cruiser, the Charleston. The superb State barge, the richly ornate *galleota* of King John VI.—the historic craft that signified the transfer of the Portuguese court from the Old to the New World—gave a suggestion of Venetian splendor to the spectacle; the Doge wedding the Adriatic, for instance. The analogy was intensified by the numerous Mediterranean-like fishing-craft with their lateen sails graceful as the wings of sea-birds. The landing of Mr. Root at the beautiful waterfront plaza—Praça 15 de Novembro—the Minister of State of the great Republic of the North welcomed to Brazil's wonderful capital by the Minister of State of the great Republic of the South, their hands meeting as the American statesman stepped to the shore, would make a subject for a great historical painting, the scenic and picturesque features at hand in rare profusion. The round of festivities that have followed are in their elegance, splendor, and hospitality almost beyond description. I will but mention the decorations of the great Avenida Central through which the procession passed. The procession itself was an unassuming affair—a matter of numerous carriages and a suitable military escort. The object was manifestly not to make a show of the eminent guest, but to show him due attention. There-



DOCKS AND ARSENAL AT RIO DE JANEIRO

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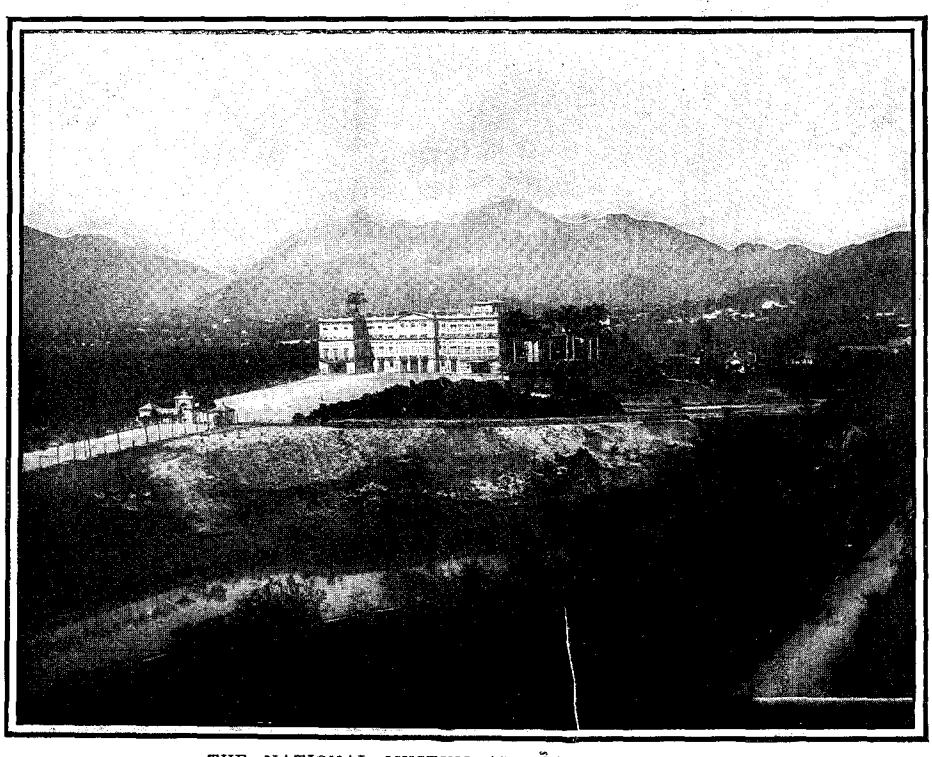
fore the noble avenue itself! Each of the handsome great lamp-posts, both in the center and at the sides, was adorned with a large basket filled with flowers, arranged with a taste that would do credit to a Japanese—flowers that with us would be rare as well as of exquisite beauty; spoils of the prodigal Brazilian forests, orchids graceful and brilliant that would make the contents of even one of these hundreds of baskets the pride of a New York millionaire's banquet. Each basket was accented by small palm branches. Then between the lamps at the curbs were staffs with pennants of harmonious colors; nothing garish, nothing obtrusive. Looking down the avenue, the lines of perspective were thus developed by almost ethereal suggestions of leafage and fairy-like bloom, much as on a straight road through a springtime woodland, when the young leaves and the maple-blossoms are just coming out. It was all in such charming taste—so exquisitely simple, so enchantingly refined. I thought of the sort of decorations that a great celebration would develop in one of our own great cities—decorations tiresomely alike from one end of the land to the other; a profusion of bunting, garish arrangements of red, white, and blue, bunched up and festooned all over the buildings without the most rudimentary indication of decorative principles. A charm of these Brazilian decorations is that they are meant to remain throughout the stay of Mr. Root. The flowers are kept in water, and when they lose their freshness are renewed from time to time. So the decorations do not look like "the day after" twenty-four hours after they are put up.

"So ye are going down to South Ameriky to help civilize the Dagos!" remarked a deck-hand to one of the passengers on the way down. "'Tis a tough job ye'll be after having, I think."

These "Dagos" might easily give us some points in civilization. They could not only show us that there are such things as energy and progressiveness possible amidst a tropical environment; they could show a people long suffering under an accumulation of bill-board horrors how those qualities are not only compatible with good taste but may be



THE NATIONAL MUSEUM AT SÃO CHRISTOVAO

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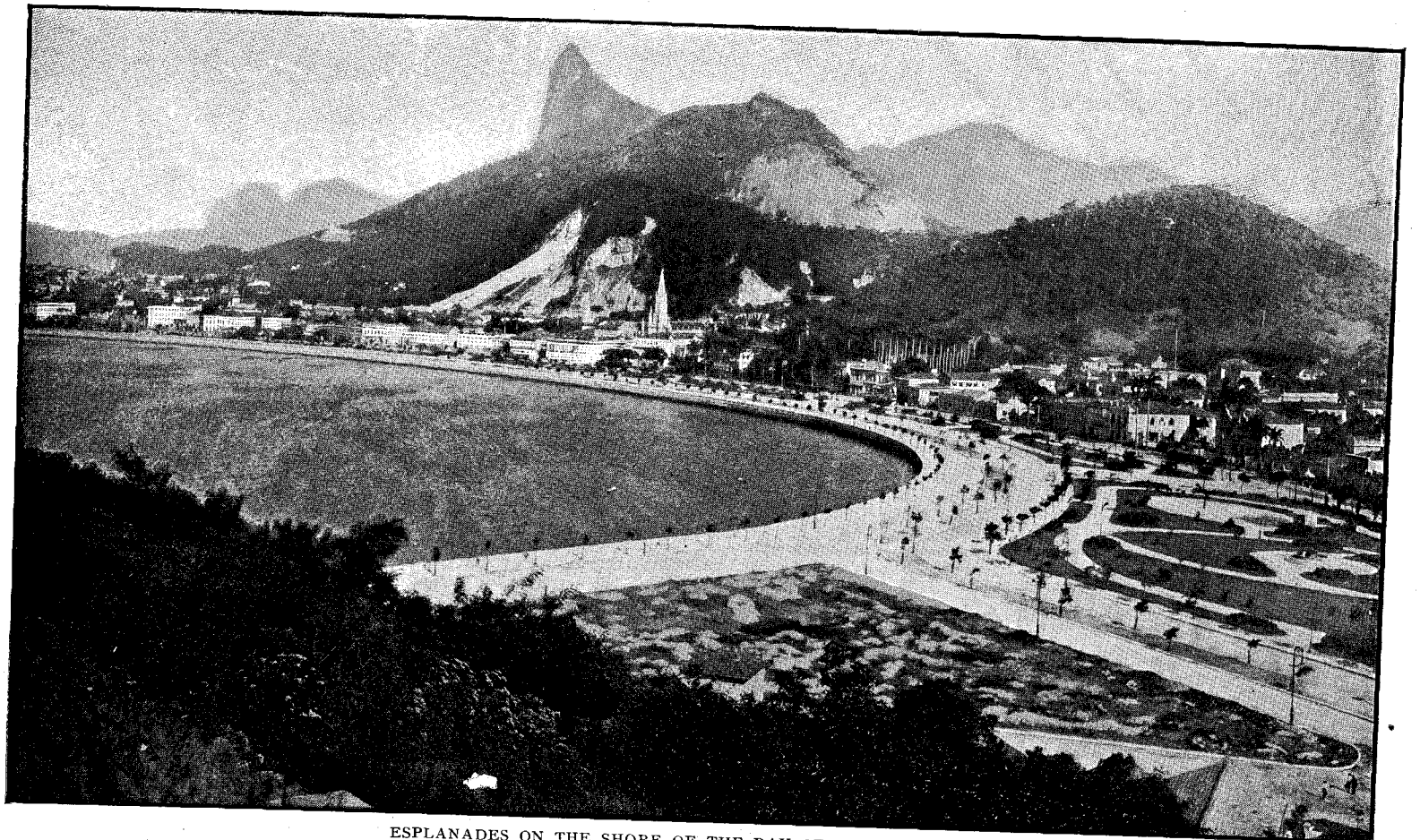

ESPLANADES ON THE SHORE OF THE BAY OF RIO DE JANEIRO

The most magnificent system of waterside drives ever designed for any great city "

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employed in behalf of a marvelously rapid achievement of civic improvement. They could show us how in a great capital the traditions of an imperial court are made to serve the cause of republican advancement by making matters of public beauty, health, and general well-being affairs of the people, for the people, and increasingly by the people.

The culminating event of the Conference was the "solemn session" held in honor of Mr. Root. July 31, 1906, promises to be a memorable date in the history of Latin America. Yes, of Anglo-America as well—all America. Should the Conference have produced no other results than this it will fully have justified all expectations that it would prove the most important yet held. The strong foundations for international good will thus laid—the dispersion of distrust, the building of confidence in the motives of our giant Republic, assured by the master utterance of our Secretary of State, an address breathing infinite sincerity in every tone, in every word the firm assurance of honest friendship—these were fruits that well repaid all the trouble taken.

The conditions could not well have been better. Again a perfect night, tranquil and clear, a crystalline moon in the zenith, its light flooding as with a benediction the ivory whiteness of the beautiful palace. The great *avenida* and the curve of the Beira-Mar esplanade were splendidly ablaze with lines of intense white light. On the avenue they were the triple lines that marked a mile's length of a canopy of myriads of softly glowing Japanese lanterns strung from center to sides—a fabric as of light and shade, both expressed in luminous relations. Then afterwards the review of the academic *marche aux flambeaux;* three thousand students from the three States and the Federal district—Rio, Minas, and São Paolo—an impetuous torrent of huddled lights pouring past with a blare of trumpetry and the wild cries of elated youth.

Within, the scene had the internally dramatic simplicity that makes the best of mediums for the conveyance of a profound impression. The company was larger and more brilliant than on the opening night. Members of high society in the capital and leading representatives of' the American colony, many ladies, officers from the Charleston, prominent Government officials—these were the guests. It was a throng, but not a crowd; there was ample room.

It was nearing ten o'clock when the session opened. Señor Nabuco as President, in compliment to the guest of honor, wore the academic cap and gown of his honorary degree from Columbia University; Dr. Amaro Cavalcante, another of the Brazilian delegates, wore the robe of a Justice of the Supreme Court. Escorted by special and representative committees, the honorary Presidents, Baron do Rio Branco and Mr. Root, entered the hall one after the other and took seats in front of the President. Señor Nabuco, speaking seated as was his wont in presiding, directed his remarks personally to Mr. Root—a formal address of welcome, read from manuscript. His deliberate utterance, gravely impassioned, showed at its best the rich quality of Portuguese as a spoken language. Notable in particular was his characterization of a body composed exclusively of American nations, significant of the fact that America formed a political system diverse from Europe, "a constellation with its own distinct orbit." He indicated how these nations, in working for a common civilization, and to make of the space they occupy on the globe a vast neutral zone of peace, were working for the benefit of the entire world.

While Mr. Root was speaking, the conviction of the immense importance of his utterance seemed to be saturating the consciousness of every hearer. He read his remarks in a way that produced an impression of quiet strength—a manner of plain, unassuming, democratic dignity inspired with cordial friendliness. The gracious verity of his beginning, "I bring from my country a special greeting to her elder sisters in the civilization of America," won all hearts at the outset. Then his absolute faith in democratic principles, his emphasis of the impressive fact that the whole world is swinging from its old governmental

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moorings and intrusting the fate of its civilization to the capacity of the popular mass to govern; his recognition of the difficulties of the road to the ideal; his realization of the great progress made, and his fine perception of the marked progress in the right direction achieved in Latin America—these points made a profound impression and revealed how thoroughly he has studied continental conditions. So did his concise presentation of continental solidarity: "There is not one of all our countries that cannot benefit all the others, there is not one that cannot receive benefit from the others; there is not one that will not gain by the prosperity, the peace, the happiness of all," and finally his strong emphasis of the friendly sentiment, the just policy of our own country in desiring to help itself by helping all friends "to a common prosperity and common growth, that we may all become greater and stronger together." After that there could be no doubt of the American position.

As Mr. Root developed his address his quiet utterance grew in impressiveness and volume, and toward the end his words were emphasized with a few easy, spontaneously deliberative gestures. It is noteworthy that while in general Latin-American oratory is more facile than that of our countrymen, men of Iberian culture, both Spanish and Portuguese, in their public speaking as a rule have one thing in common with those of English speech—a quiet gravity of bearing, an abstinence from gesticulation, as differentiated from gesture temperately resorted to.

A model of concise eloquence was the short speech of Señor Mariano Cornejo, of Peru—a brilliant man of letters as well as statesman—in support of a motion from his delegation that a special copy of the records of the evening's memorable session, signed by all the delegates, be sent to the Secretary of State at Washington in testimony of their gratification at the honor shown them in the visit of Mr. Root. It fell to the lot of Governor Montague to make one of the few utterances in English in the course of the Conference—some happy words expressing the gratification of the American delegation at Mr. Root's cordial reception.

Then Baron do Rio Branco, as the second honorary President of the Conference, in a few well-chosen words gave a completing touch to the spirit of the eventful occasion by announcing that, by order of his Excellency the President of the Republic, Señor Rodrigues Alver, the beautiful edifice in which they were meeting was thereafter to be called the "Palacio Monroe." This was not only a high compliment to the guest of the occasion by reason of the honor thus paid to his country; in view of the chafing under the implication of tutelage to the great nation of the North said to exist in various quarters south of the equator, the act had a very special significance.

It should be added that Mr. Root has intensified the favorable impression he has made by the note of lofty and wholesome optimism that runs through all his utterances. For instance, in the latest speech made at the time of the present writing, he emphasized his conviction that the main purpose of man in the world was not the making of money, but to live so that when he went out of the world he would leave it better than when he came into it. Not only a more united but a better America is manifestly his great aim. In what he is doing to bring this about through the new diplomacy of disinterestedness he is setting his seal upon his age in the same spirit and with the same effect that marked the work of his great predecessor.

The torch of enlightenment so notably borne by John Hay has been worthily handed on. The motto borne upon the banner of Brazil is "Ordem e Progresso." Mr. Root's visit can but contribute essentially towards the realization of that aim, not only here but throughout South America.

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THE MONK AND ST. FRANCIS

FROM THE ITALIAN OF ENRICO PANZACCHI, BY VIOLA VERNON SUTTER

One day Francis, with a monk his brother,
Deep in discourse journeyed to Perugia.

"Leo, my brother, O thou sheep of God,
Listen attentive: Though the humble monk
Should understand the motion of the stars,
Should all the subtle, secret virtues know
Of stones, and flowing waters, and of trees;
Though he interpret well the hidden tongues
Of animals, creation's lower horde,
And of all birds inhabiting the air,—
Know, in all this is not fullness of joy."

Then, when they walked a space in silence, he:

"Leo, my brother, of the sheep of God,
Listen, and heed me: Though the humble monk
Should understand and know all hidden tongues
Of all the ancient people and the new,
And though he gain all wisdom that is found
In holy books, and though he master quite
The Father's treasured words, and clearly read
The holy thoughts of angels and of saints,—
Know that in this is not fullness of joy."

Again they walked in silence, then he said:

"My brother Leo, of the sheep of God,
Heed thou my saying: Though the humble monk
Have power of God to heal the leprosy,
And free the lame from their ignoble chains,
And give the blessed light to darkened eyes,—
If through the powers of preaching he should break
The stony hearts of men, and infidels
Into the faith of Christ should meekly lead,—
Know that in this is not fullness of joy."

Silent they walked a space, then Francis said:

"My brother, when the Journey's end is come,
If in Perugia's streets a hostile throng
Should spurn us, mock us, tear our hoods away,
And our white garments soil and desecrate,
Then, ripe for violence, with staves and stones
Should wound, and leave us on the ground for dead,
Then, brother, we shall know fullness of joy."

After these words upon the steep'ning road
The saint stood silent: brilliant from the heights
Of Catria, before him, burned the sun,
Silent the torrent in his rocky bed,
The swallows silent in the forest near:—
Leo, the monk, through that deep silence heard
A mighty question. Lifting quiet eyes
To Francis' face, he answered: "Let us go."

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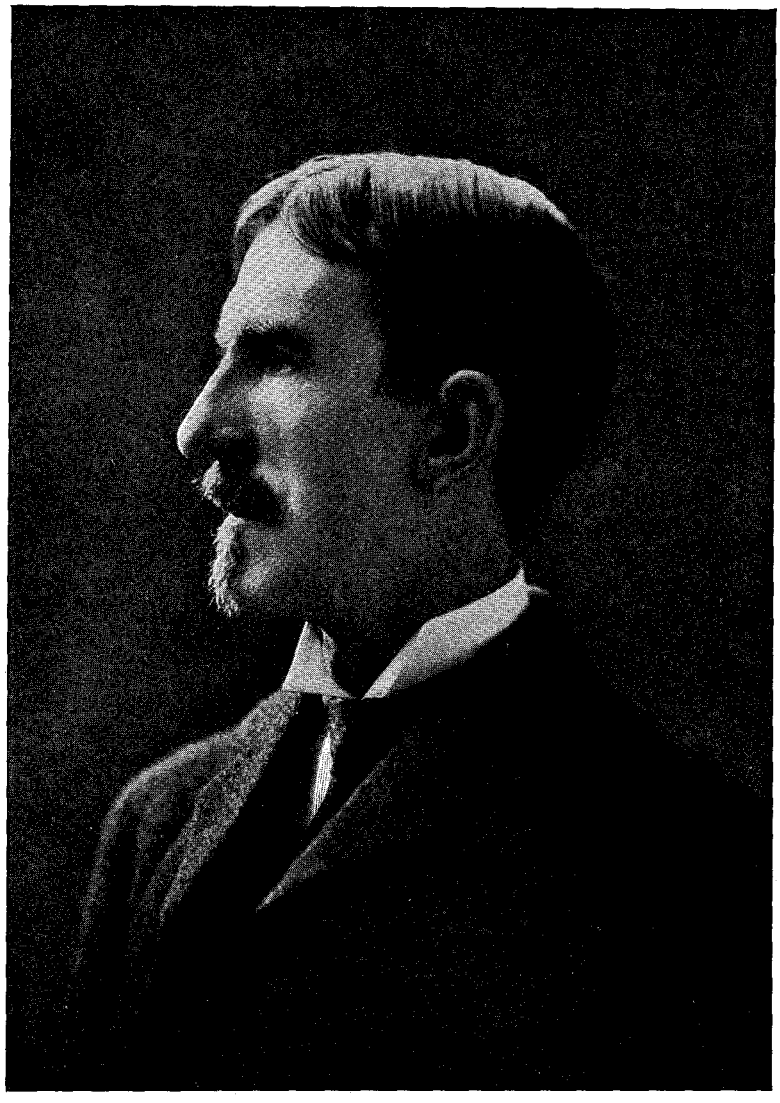

J. BENJAMIN DIMMICK

Elected Mayor of Scranton on a platform of Business, not Politics

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THE BUSINESS MAYOR OF SCRANTON

BY HAROLD J. HOWLAND

THE Mayor of the city of Scranton, in the State of Pennsylvania, a few weeks after his election, took the twelve o'clock express for New York. The porter, an old acquaintance, ushered him to his place in the parlor car with his accustomed greeting:

"Here's your seat, Mr. Dimmick."

On the return journey, made by coincidence in the same car, the salutation was slightly changed:

"Here's your seat, Mr. Mayor," with a lingering emphasis on the title. In the smoking compartment a little later the porter offered an explanation.

"I didn't know you was our Mayor, Mr. Dimmick. Folks said it was you, but I said, 'No, it ain't. *Our* Mr. Dimmick's a gentleman. He goes round tending to his own business. He ain't no politician.'"

However hard the antithesis may bear on the rank and file of America's governing class, it contains an apt characterization of Scranton's new Mayor, Mr. J. Benjamin Dimmick. There are two points in it that need emphasis. First, Mr. Dimmick is not a politician; his experience in public life is limited to something less than a year's membership of the Board of School Control twenty years ago; and his methods are not those that are in common use in political life to-day. Second, he is a man who attends to his own business, and who is now attending to the city's business as if it were his own, and as if it were a real business to be governed by business rules and business principles.

Scranton is a city of one hundred and twenty-five thousand people, situated in the Lackawanna valley of northeastern Pennsylvania. It is the center of the great anthracite coal region, and one of the principal distributing points for coal. It has large manufacturing interests and is an important center for general trade. To the surprise of the uninformed visitor who had thought of it as a magnified mining town, dingy, dirty, and rough, it has many beautiful streets and fine public buildings. The County Court-House, the City Hall, the Young Men's Christian Association building, the High School, the Public Library, and two hospitals are excellent specimens of public architecture. The location within the city limits of a score of coal mines, with their towering breakers and their huge black culm piles, built up to a height of seventy or eighty feet by the refuse from the breakers, gives a unique and picturesque aspect to the city when seen from a neighboring height.

The population of Scranton has two significant elements, one of which certainly, the other probably, has an influence on the character of its public life. Its laboring class is made up of many nationalities. The churches of a city are perhaps as good an index as any of the racial composition of its population; Scranton has churches in bewildering variety, including the usual churches of the average American city, Episcopal, Presbyterian, Baptist, Catholic; and in addition Italian Protestant and Catholic churches, Hungarian, Slav, German, Welsh, even the Greek Orthodox. In so heterogeneous a working population the opportunities for corrupt politics are unlimited; the problem of arousing the public conscience is correspondingly hard. The other element is intimately associated with the history of the city. Scranton was founded and settled by New Englanders, as was much of the territory around it. The northern sec-

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tion of Pennsylvania was originally a part of Connecticut, and it took years of warfare and arbitration to establish Pennsylvania's claim to it shortly after the close of the Revolution. But its people retained New England characteristics, very different from those of the Quaker inhabitants of Philadelphia and the Pennsylvania Dutch of Harrisburg. It is perhaps not too great a stretch of probability to attribute—as was suggested to me by a prominent Scranton clergyman—the movement for civic improvement, represented by the activities of the Municipal League and the nomination and election of Mayor Dimmick, at least in part, to the persistence of the New England spirit and New England ideals.

For many years Scranton has been politically under the control of one family and the Republican machine dominated by the head of that family. It has had the kind of political government (using the adjective in the debased sense which has become its most usual one) too common among the cities of the country to need description. The administration of the city's affairs had not become notoriously rotten. It had not reached the low estate of New York when it was under the control of a Croker who "was working for his own pocket all the time," or of Cincinnati under a Cox, or of Philadelphia under a Durham. But the time-worn motto, "To the victor belong the spoils," with the corollaries which custom has clustered around it, had the force of an unwritten charter supreme among the written instruments of the city's government. A mayor or a councilman or the director of a municipal department was held to owe his first allegiance to the men or the machine that had given him his place. To sum it up, I must return to the word political, with the unwholesome suggestions which that word so generally implies.

The impulse which started the movement resulting in Mr. Dimmick's election came from the Scranton Municipal League, which had been working during several years for the improvement of conditions in municipal affairs. A meeting at luncheon of a score of prominent citizens evolved the suggestion of an independent movement to give the city a clean, efficient administration. Mr. Dimmick was proposed as the leader of the movement; the proposal was heartily approved. As he expressed it to me, "It was put up to me. I had been criticising the existing state of affairs for twenty years, and I felt it was time for me to 'fish, cut bait, or go ashore.'" He felt that a duty confronted him, and he accepted. It was agreed that he should decide whether he should run as an independent candidate or try to get a regular party nomination.

The group of citizens immediately went to work to secure support for Mr. Dimmick's candidacy. Petitions were circulated in all parts of the city, and as fast as they were signed they were sent to him. These petitions read as follows:

> The undersigned citizens and electors of the city of Scranton, without distinction of party, realizing the desirability of eliminating as far as possible baneful political influence from the administration of the city government, and of securing a purely business conduct of its affairs, and having confidence in your ability to promote these ends, request you to permit the use of your name as candidate for the office of Mayor at the forthcoming municipal election.

The petitions bore several thousand names, amounting to a substantial proportion of the total number of votes cast at the last city election. Some of Mr. Dimmick's supporters advised an independent ticket, but he, realizing that it was his business to be elected, and strongly urged by other and perhaps more practical friends, registered his name, as required by law, as a candidate for nomination at the Republican primaries.[1] In his acknowledgment of the petitions which he had received he gave his reason for this decision:

> While the ultimate solution of the problem of municipal government is, in my opinion, to be found in the complete separation thereof from all association with the two great political parties, I am constrained to believe that public opinion has not as yet accepted that conclusion, and I have therefore determined . . . to register as a candidate at the coming primaries of the Republican party. Such selection should hardly need any further explanation than is involved

[1] The Pennsylvania law provides for optional direct primaries for local offices. In Scranton the Republican party avails itself of the privilege, while the Democrats stick to the convention method of naming their ticket.

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in the statement that I have been a lifelong member of the party thus chosen.

Mr. Dimmick's nomination was opposed by the machine, who put up the Director of Public Safety in the then existing administration, Mark K. Edgar. Literally at the eleventh hour of the last day for registering candidates, however, Mr. Edgar's name was withdrawn, and that of William Corless, the warden of the county jail, and a thoroughgoing labor man, was substituted. The purpose of the move was obvious. Mr. Dimmick was a rich man and an officer in corporations; if the labor sentiment could be aroused against him, he might be beaten. Then began a strenuous campaign for the nomination.

In attempting to give some idea of Mr. Dimmick's personality and his qualifications for the office which, in response to the popular command, he was seeking, I cannot do better than to quote from the Scranton "Times," the Democratic newspaper of the city:

> A gentleman of wealth, of culture, of public spirit, courteous, amiable, dignified; a successful business man. He is President of the Lackawanna Trust and Safe Deposit Company, and of the Scranton Lace Curtain Company, and is interested in a number of important local industries and charities. He is a Republican in politics, but has never been even indirectly connected with any political machine.

The qualities which I am convinced must have been most instrumental in bringing about the success of his two campaigns are his simplicity, his sincerity, and that indefinable something which in a woman we call charm, but which in a man may more appropriately be called personal magnetism. Mr. Dimmick is a Pennsylvanian by birth, but of New England stock. He was graduated from Yale in the class of 1881; he afterward studied law, and began to practice in Scranton. Shortly after, he was obliged by poor health to give up his work and go abroad. He lived for five years in Italy and Switzerland, and then returned to Scranton, where he became diverted from legal to business and financial pursuits.

The platform on which he sought the nomination was simple and direct: First and foremost, a business administration as opposed to a political administration; the recognition of merit in the holders of positions in the city government and the rewarding it with security and permanency; the distribution, on a safe, proper, and equitable basis, among the various financial institutions of the city, of all public funds, and the securing to the city on all such deposits of the interest which had formerly been a perquisite of the Treasurer's office; the laying of sewers wherever investigation showed the need for them; better construction, maintenance, and cleaning of the city's streets; extension and improvement of the park system; the effort to secure the equitable taxation of franchises and public utilities. These were some of the special objects that he would try to accomplish; but, above all and embracing all, he promised a business administration.

The forces that were behind him in his fight for the nomination were peculiarly mixed. The boss of the Republican machine for State purposes and the Director of Public Works in the existing administration represented the element of "practical" politics; members of the Municipal League, the theoretical reformers, if I may use the expression without offense. An incident early in the campaign well illustrates the presence of an element not generally found in reform movements. On New Year's day a group of representatives of the different districts was gathered to forecast the probabilities of success. One after another gave his opinion of the support that might be hoped for in his district. At last a veteran district captain from an outlying section was called on for his estimate.

"My district 'll give Mr. Dimmick 273 votes."

"Oh, Mr. X.," said Mr. Dimmick, "you mean *about* 273 votes, of course."

"No, I mean 273 votes," was the reply.

"Why, Mr. X.," argued Mr. Dimmick, "you mean you *think* I'll get that number of votes."

"No, I mean 273 votes. Damn it, ain't I one of the judges of election?"

So the practical politician and the reformer worked side by side. But there were no pledges given, no promises of

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place or concessions or reward of any kind. The practical politician understood that in case of success he must expect absolutely nothing, must not even hope for anything. If he didn't understand it, it was his own fault; it was made as plain as the English language can express it. Mr. Dimmick's only promises were those simple, straightforward ones which he made to the people in his platform and reiterated night after night on the stump: a business administration for the benefit of the city and the people.

It was a vigorous campaign; Mr. Dimmick spoke at meetings every noon and every night, going from one end of the city to the other. The machine fought him hard, for a Mayor who should eliminate politics from his programme would be disastrous for their organization. They attacked him as a bluestocking, an aristocrat, a corporation man, an enemy of labor. The labor argument they used freely, for his opponent was a member of a labor union and well known as an advocate of union methods. But Mr. Dimmick had for twelve years been an employer of labor in the curtain factory of which he was president; he had never had a fight with the union; he was known to be what union men call a "fair" employer. When these facts became known, the labor argument lost most of its force.

In the districts where the foreigners live he was denounced as a man who had no use for foreigners or for any one who was not a New Englander, or a rich man, or an aristocrat. But Frank Hummler, the Vice-President of the Lackawanna Trust Company, tells with a twinkle in his blue eye how he quickly stilled that cry by a speech in a very German district where it had been most loudly uttered. Speaking in German, he said:

"They say Mr. Dimmick has no use for foreigners and common people. Fifteen years ago I came into the office of the Lackawanna Trust Company looking for a job. I was a raw German lad without money and without friends. He was the manager of that company. If he'd been the kind of man they say he is, he wouldn't have had much use for me. But he gave me a job, and kept me in spite of the advice of some of his associates. And to-day I hold the position that he held then."

But I think the personality of the man must have been the best reply to the things they said against him. He went among the people simply and freely and told them straight what he wanted to do. I'm sure they must have believed him.

Anyhow, when the primaries were over, he had won by over two thousand votes in a total vote of 10,600. One fight was over, but another was yet to begin.

The campaign for the election was no less vigorous than that for the nomination. The Democratic candidate was a thoroughgoing politician, Honest John Gibbons, whose allegiance to his party had been tempered during many years by his loyalty to the Republican boss. He controlled a group of voters who were said to be always at the disposal of that gentleman when he was personally in a fight.

The Republican machine, as soon as the primaries were over, allied itself heartily and actively with Mr. Dimmick's forces. But again the alliance was made without pledge or promise from the candidate. The machine allied itself with Mr. Dimmick, in that it accepted him as its candidate; but he did not ally himself with the machine in the sense of assuming any obligations to it.

Mr. Dimmick made a whirlwind campaign on his simple platform, going directly to the people and asking their support because he promised them business methods in the administration of the public affairs. The result at the polls was close, but business won by a little less than a thousand votes. The total vote was nearly nineteen thousand, an increase of more than forty-five hundred votes over the previous election—a striking witness to the interest aroused by the novel issue.

After the election, Mr. Dimmick, as one of his close friends expressed it to me, "showed his good sense by going away." He went to his camp in the Adirondacks, where he might consider, free from interruption and solicitation, the appointments to his cabinet which he must make on taking office. He returned only a week before his inaugura-

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tion, but found there was still plenty of time for applications and suggestions. He discovered that either the politicians had not understood him, or else they believed that he could not stand the pressure when it was skillfully applied. And it was applied with all the skill and force of the veteran politician. It included pressure of the hardest kind for a man to withstand—pressure from his friends. It took the form, too, of an appeal to ambition. It was suggested that, with the machine behind him, he might become the boss of Lackawanna County, that he might even aspire to the Governorship of the State. They did not realize how little such baits could tempt him. It was doubly hard to go his own way because the man they wanted in a prominent position in the administration would probably have filled the position well. There was nothing against him personally; but he represented organized machine politics, and Mr. Dimmick had promised to have none of that in his administration. It was a hard thing to do, but he carried it through. He made his appointments to suit himself, and they seem to be considered good ones.

So he began his administration, trying to run it as he had run the two corporations which he heads, efficiently and honestly. He promptly carried out his pledge with regard to the city funds by dividing them among the financial institutions of the city. He secured the payment of the interest on them into the city treasury instead of into the City Treasurer's pocket, or perhaps the pocket of some one "higher up." It brought a protest from the bank that had held the bulk of the city money, for it made a big hole in its deposits. But it was right, and he had promised to do it. With his Director of Public Works he began to look into the question of clean streets, or rather dirty ones, for that kind predominated. To make them cleaner they tried the simple expedient of making every man on the force do a day's work for a day's pay. It was revolutionary, for under a political administration a good many city employees substitute a day's work at the polls (or, more likely, a few minutes' work) for a good many days' work at their jobs. It weeded out a lot of men who couldn't measure up to the new standard, but it cleaned the streets.

He introduced civil service methods into the police and fire departments. Three prominent citizens were prevailed upon to act as an examining board for applicants. The examinations were not complex—reading, writing, and speaking good English, the elements of arithmetic, knowledge of the city. They were, of course, supplemented by the usual physical tests. It was simple, but it insured better men for the forces on which the safety of the people depended.

He eliminated politics from the police force. In other days the men were instructed how they should vote; they were used to make house-to-house canvasses in favor of the machine candidates; under the new régime they were told that they might vote as they pleased, but that they would better not display too much political activity. He let it be understood that merit and fitness were to be the tests of employees in all the departments; any one who did the work he was supposed to do efficiently and well was sure of his place. And the men seemed to like the idea. But incompetents he had no use for, no matter what their politics or affiliations. He said to me, in the course of a conversation at his Lake Placid camp, "Many good citizens feel that a man who is old or crippled or otherwise incapacitated for efficient work might better be hired by the city to do as much as he can than be supported in an almshouse. The theory is as fallacious as can be."

The problems that are present in almost every city—those connected with the liquor traffic—existed in Scranton under two forms: the illegal sale of liquor on Sunday and the existence of unlicensed saloons or "speak-easies." Both practices being unlawful, there was nothing to do, under a business administration, but to put an end to them. The police, infused with the new spirit, went diligently to work, and convictions for both offenses began to increase. Curiously enough, Mayor Dimmick found that the reputable saloon-keepers were with him in this work. It is natural that they should want the "speak-easies" shut up,

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for their competition hurt the business of the regular saloons, while they bore no part of the taxation. In the matter of Sunday selling, however, it is generally assumed that the saloon-keeper wants to keep open every day in the year. But liquor men came to the Mayor and told him they wanted to close on Sunday, so that they might have a day with their families; but they couldn't do it if their competitors didn't close too. If a man shut his saloon while the place on the opposite corner kept open, he would soon lose most of his regular customers to his rivals.

An incident in the course of the campaign against the illicit saloons may serve as an illustration of the difference between carrying out the letter of the law for the sake of the revenue from periodic fines and carrying out the spirit of it by using the penalty to put an end to the practice.

A "speak-easy" keeper was convicted and fined fifty dollars and costs. He had only twenty-odd dollars in his possession, but promised the judge that he would bring the balance around in two days if he were released. The next day he was again arrested for the same offense. When he appeared in court for the second time, the judge demanded:

"What do you mean by opening your place again when the court had been so lenient as to give you a chance to get together the rest of your fine?"

With the impatience of the cruelly misunderstood, he replied, "Say, judge, how d'you suppose I was goin' to pay the rest of that fine if I didn't open up?"

The imposition of a heavier penalty, with no opportunity this time of obtaining by illegal methods the wherewithal to pay it, probably opened his eyes to a new aspect of the case.

The question of Sunday observance soon presented itself for some action by the Mayor. He found that the law prohibited "illegal sports" on the Sabbath, a provision that seems simple until you try to apply it. Mr. Dimmick, by what he himself confesses to be a bit of special pleading, interpreted it to mean that there should be no sports that were prohibited by law at other times, such as gambling and prize-fighting. He decided that there should be no professional games of baseball; but with these eliminated there were many games played throughout the city by boys and young men purely for recreation. The Mayor likes to see conditions for himself, so one Sunday he went around the city and visited the places where games were going on. He quickly made up his mind, and, getting the boys together, he told them, "I'm not going to make any agreement with you; I may stop you at any time. But for the present you may play ball on Sunday provided there's no rowdyism and no profanity, and provided you play where it won't annoy other people."

"Three cheers for the Mayor" attested the popularity of the decision, and, I am inclined to believe, of the Mayor himself.

Mr. Dimmick is a stanch believer in Sunday as a day to be kept different from other days, and, as a leading member of the Scranton Country Club, he has consistently opposed the playing of golf there on Sunday. For, as he explained to me:

"The members of the Country Club don't need golf on Sunday; they have their homes, their friends, their horses and automobiles. The alternative to baseball for the boys of the working classes isn't Sunday-school or home life; it's something much worse. They'd better be playing baseball than doing anything else they'd be likely to do if they couldn't have their games." A group of clergymen was moved to protest against Sabbath-breaking in Scranton and neighboring communities. With his desire to talk things out face to face, Mr. Dimmick suggested that a committee come to see him. They came, made their protest, and he explained his views to them. When he was through, they said, "Well, Mr. Dimmick, our protest wasn't intended for you, anyhow. We were aiming at other towns around here. Besides, we're inclined now to think you're right."

The Mayor hasn't had a very long time in which to make good. He has been about five months in office, while his term lasts for three years (with, by the way, no possibility, under the law, of re-election).

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Some of the things that he has most at heart must go slowly. For instance, the taxation of franchises and public utilities. He is convinced that they should bear their proper share of the burden of government. But how to bring about the desired end needs study. He may not be able to accomplish it in the case of existing franchises, which, unfortunately, are perpetual in form. But he is determined, and those who know the man know what that means, that no new franchises or privileges shall be granted during his term of office unless the principle is recognized that their holders must help pay the cost of government.

As I said before, the time has been short; but he is making good. The people of Scranton believe in him, in his sincerity, his honesty, his ability. Even the machine politicians have come to understand the kind of man he is. There is a Congressional fight going on there now, and the machine wanted to know from a man closely associated with the Mayor what part the administration was going to take in it. He told them none.

"And they believed it without question," he said, in telling me the incident. "They accept it now as a law of nature that can't be changed."

It's a very simple formula that Mr. Dimmick is following in making Scranton a well-governed city—a business administration instead of a political administration. It's not only simple, it's obvious. The city is a corporation; why run it in any other way than you would a corporation? If you don't believe the formula is right, go to Scranton and see the results.

EXPERIENCE

BY EDITH LIVINGSTON SMITH

No, little one, tread not the glowing path.
Ah! listen, dear:—
The way is not as lovely as you dream,
The flowers are not perfect as they seem,
But faded, scentless, in Pain's aftermath—
(She does not hear.)

No, taste it not, the tree's gift, rosy red.
I tasted so,
And ate the fragrant morsel, bent on bliss,
But hungered on; for Joy's entrancing kiss
Showed fairer fruit on boughs above my head—
(Yes, child, I know.)

Ah! follow not to music far away,
It is not sweet;
But, rather, hear faint melodies at hand—
(Alas! she goes, she does not understand
That so the sirens sang their mystic lay.
Too swift her feet!)

But foolish me—to think to teach the Spring
Of Autumn's woe!
Go, little soul, as ever Youth must go
Through sun and shade of Life to learn to know
That only Summer can fruition bring:
God made growth so.

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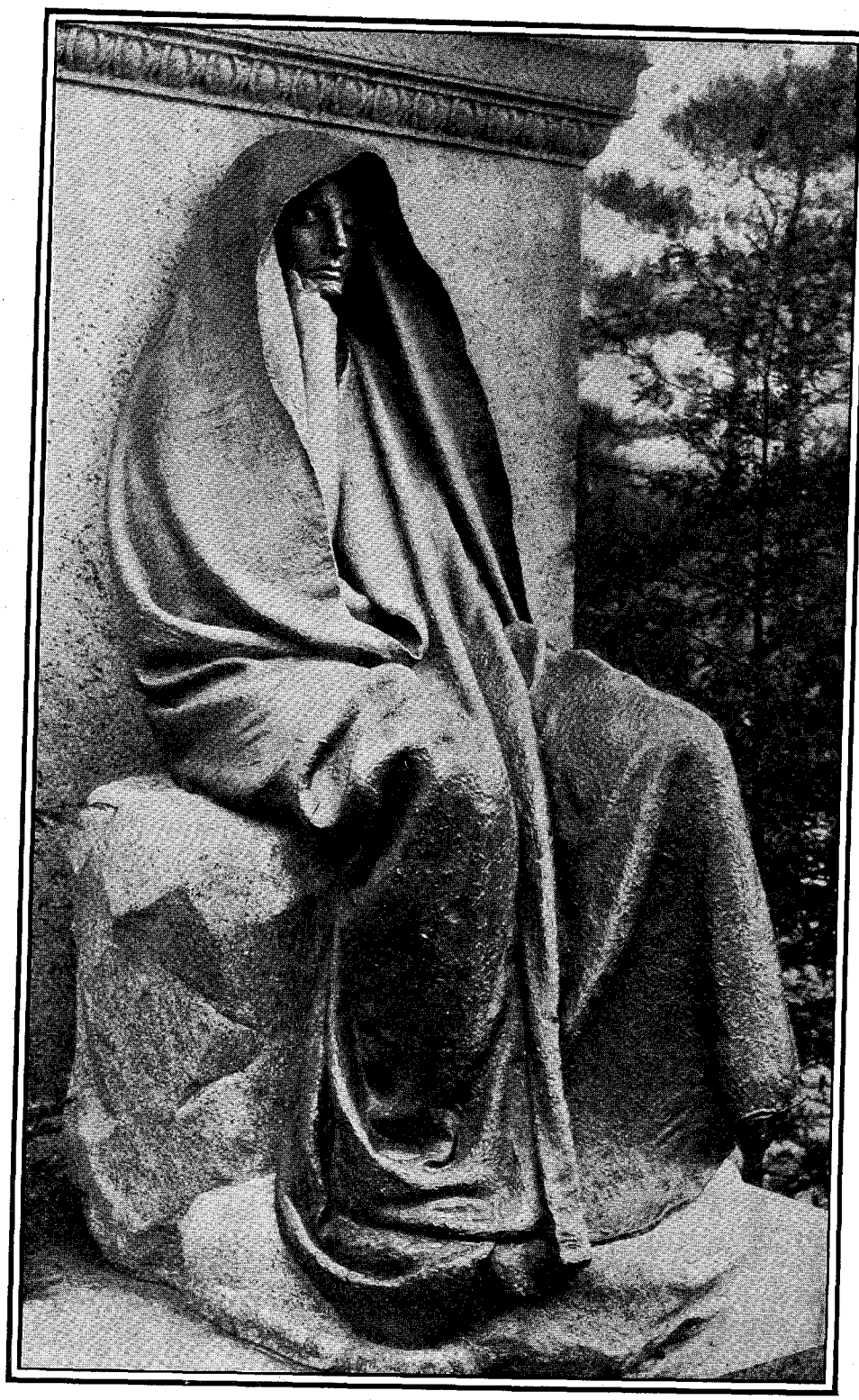

THE ADAMS MONUMENT
Rock Creek Cemetery, Washington

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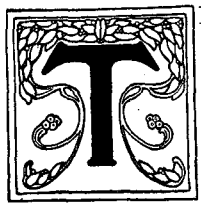
AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ



THE other day in Paris, in a talk with a French critic about modern sculpture, we spoke of the meretricious elements which had crept into the art of certain men, notably one celebrated figure at present more or less devoted to the goddess of *réclame*. I brought up, for contrast, the work of Saint-Gaudens, and my companion fastened upon the name. "Ah, there is a man!" he exclaimed. "Do you remember his medallion of Bastien-Lepage?" Every one remembers it who has given any thought at all to the sculpture of the last thirty years; every one has praised it; but I found a special interest in what recollection of the portrait led my French friend to say. The opinions of a foreigner have a value of their own, and in this case they gathered weight from the fact that the speaker had been studying European art for half a century.

What chiefly struck him about Saint-Gaudens's work was its beautiful integrity. "It is work well done," he said. "It is true; it is sincere; it has never been degraded by the tricks of thoughtless cleverness; *he* has never made any sacrifices to *réclame*." There you have one of the reasons why Saint-Gaudens stands in the front rank of the creative artists of his period. There is a genuineness about all that he does which has made him a tower of strength to American art, just as there is a genuineness about all that he is which has made him beloved of his fellows. I remember the delight and pride a junior of his had in a visit Saint-Gaudens once paid him. The younger man had put a fine piece of sculpture to his credit. Saint-Gaudens did not know him, but when he saw it he demanded the stranger's address, jumped into a cab, and drove at once to give the encouragement of unstinted praise to the maker of a thing whose merit he had recognized with rejoicing. The episode was characteristic. Is it any wonder that wherever American art is honored the name of Saint-Gaudens is hailed with affectionate appreciation?

He was brought to us from Dublin six months after he was born, in 1848, the son of a French father and an Irish mother. It is one more of those quaint paradoxes so familiar in the history of art that this master of monumental sculpture began life as a cameo-cutter. While still in his teens he was apprenticed to the craft in this city, and for six years his destiny appeared to be fixed. But even in that period he was dreaming of other things. Night after night when the day's work was done he studied drawing, first at Cooper Union and then at the Academy of Design, and before he was twenty he had "found himself," as the saying goes, definitely adopting the career of a sculptor. He proceeded to Paris, where, at the École des Beaux-Arts, he studied under Jouffroy, and developed a technique which from the very beginning appears to have been peculiarly sound. You will never find in any of his works, early or late, a touch that is merely facile, a note of style that is merely piquant and lightly pleasing. Perhaps it was the conservative influence of his master that set him in the right path. Perhaps it was the atmosphere in which he lived for three years after he left the École. The Franco-Prussian War suddenly closed his first sojourn in Paris, and he went to stay in Rome, where the influences are all of a restraining character. But I prefer to think that it was an instinctive tendency in him that Jouffroy fostered, that he was born to do his work with a sense of measure and balance, that he was in his youth—as I know he is in his prime—his own severest critic.

Once, in a long talk in his Vermont studio, we got round to certain French painters, to Ingres, a man of genius, and to others like Delaroche, Flandrin,

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Scheffer, Chasseriau, whose names are scarcely more than names to the young artist of to-day, delivered over as he is, body and soul, to the masters and methods of a later generation. Saint-Gaudens went to the heart of the subject, to the grave spirit, the pure style, and the fine mastery with which those men triumphed over what the modern eye finds "old-fashioned" in the French school of that epoch. That was like him, like his liberal and loyal nature, quick to seize upon essentials in art. His own genius is for what is grave and pure and fine. Also it is for what is frankly human and alive, and I do not suppose that any student ever emerged from the discipline of the French seventies with a greater freedom from academic coldness, with a keener zest for the realities of life and art. Discipline helped, it did not enchain him, and there is a refreshing vitality about the first-fruits of his career. As we talked I could see, stretched across the wall at one end of the studio, an immense photograph of one of Raphael's faultlessly constructed decorations, and I thought of how Saint-Gaudens himself strove constantly for a kindred perfection, responded to the abstract appeal that is Raphael's, yet never touched the clay without putting upon it the impress of a totally free and powerful personality.

BAS-RELIEF OF MISS LEE

It is pleasant to know that when his time of pupilage was ended he met with prompt and cordial support. Governor Morgan and William M. Evarts were his first patrons, he told me; and when, having come home for a few years, he returned to Europe in 1878, it was under circumstances that, I dare say, some of his old comrades of the École des Beaux-Arts might well have envied. He was only thirty, but he had been asked to serve on the jury of the Universal Exposition, and he had two important commissions to execute—the statue of Governor Randall for Sailors' Snug Harbor, and the Farragut for Madison Square. In the Randall he missed fire and produced a monument that is in no way inspiring, but the Farragut is in another category altogether. Consider, to begin with, how well it has worn, using the phrase of course with reference to its artistic character pure and simple. This statue was unveiled twenty-five years ago, when American sculpture was still under the colorless classical influence of the pioneers. It proclaimed a new temperament, a new ideal. Any amount of water has flowed under the bridges since then. Saint-Gaudens himself has done finer things. But twenty-five years ago he struck the right note when others were plodding along in dull routine; he made his work strong and beautiful at a time when most American sculpture was feeble and unlovely; and because a really creative force thus went to the making of it, the Farragut remains one of the most interesting monuments we possess.

"Interesting" is emphatically the

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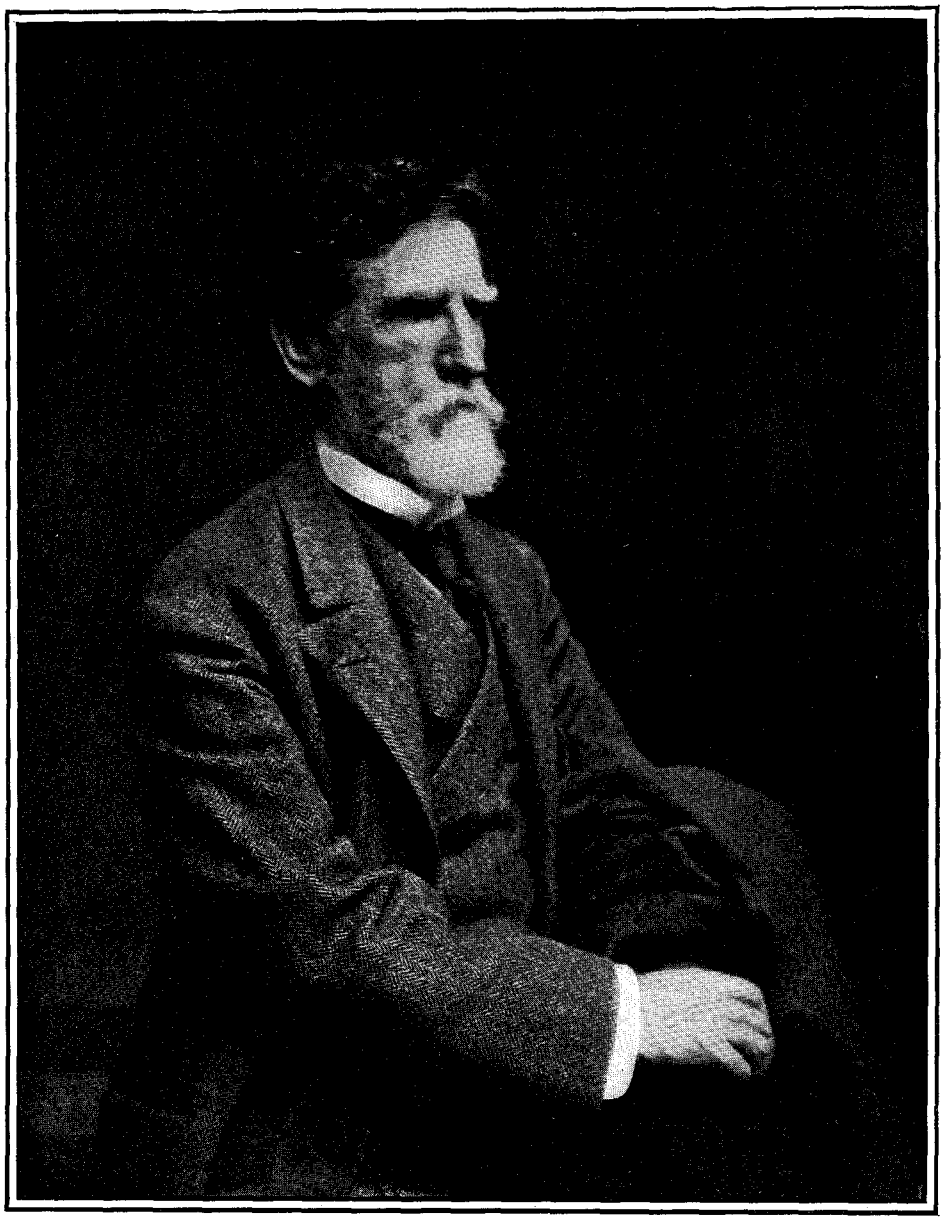

PHOTOGRAPH, COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY DE W. C. WARD

AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

word, denoting a virtue which embraces a multitude of things and belongs in the foreground especially where public monuments are concerned. We rightly praise an artist for working with no thought of anything save the task in hand; we despise him if he "plays to the gallery." Yet it is transcendently important that the portrait in bronze or marble of a national hero should speak in unmistakable terms alike to the connoisseur and to the quite uninstructed man. A character must be humanly realized, made to live upon its pedestal so that the heart of the patriot as well as the mind of the dilettante may be touched. There is no thought here of making a vulgar concession to the mob; there is thought only of the sympathy, the emotion, by which the greatest men of genius

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in all ages have been moved. It is because with Saint-Gaudens this sympathy, this emotion, has always kept pace with his strictly plastic faculty that his statues of public men have lifted themselves far above the level of ordinary commemorative sculpture. The remarkable gift for what we may call historical expression which he revealed in the Farragut became only richer and more flexible as time went on, enabling him to portray one famous American after another with a truth and a distinction rare at any time, and particularly in our own.

Saint-Gaudens has been fortunate in his generation. Coming to maturity in the years following our Civil War, his subjects have been supplied to him from history still vibrating with passion. In more than one instance he has been privileged to study face to face the makers of that history; and when this has not been possible, a thousand other influences have helped him to interpret to his countrymen men whom they may never have seen, but whose souls they understand. I have sometimes thought that the American who wished to form a kind of Pantheon of his country's leaders in statecraft and war could hardly do better than by assembling in one room reductions of the great monuments by Saint-Gaudens, for these monuments are nothing if not masterpieces of characterization. I remember that when the Lincoln at Chicago was going forward the question of setting intensely occupied the sculptor and his lifelong friend, Stanford White, whose architectural genius was called into play again and again when a new figure by Saint-Gaudens required a pedestal. Every detail in the stately composition was anxiously considered. The precise curve suitable to the stone exhedra, the degree of elevation to be fixed, not only with regard to the bronze but to the grand composition of which it was to be the center, the character and scale of the chair in front of which Lincoln stands—all these details were pondered with profound solicitude for the general effect. But this did not mean that Saint-Gaudens meant the beholder to linger over details at all. On the contrary, what he sought was an impression culminating subtly and instantaneously in the figure of Lincoln. I have gone repeatedly to look at this

BAS-RELIEF OF THE CHILDREN OF MR. PRESCOTT HALL BUTLER

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monument, and, frankly, with a professional interest in its architectural and decorative elements, but my critical preoccupations have been beaten down by the dominating force of the individuality which Saint-Gaudens there placed before us as though he had known the great President in some poignant moment of self-revelation. This is realism, but it is realism as only the masters understand it; for the fine thing about the Lincoln is that while it brings home to us all that we love in that tender nature, it also awes us as with a sense of being in the presence of the patient, far-seeing, and mighty statesman.

It is never the passing superficial trait that occupies Saint-Gaudens. He knows that the public monument is, after all, a kind of summing up, a memorial of those permanently salient characteristics by which this man or that is bound to be remembered despite all the vicissitudes of fortune and of time. Thus it is, above all, upon the noble gravity of Lincoln that he fixes. You feel that he has got his subject into the right perspective, that he has worked over his problem with spiritual understanding. He is rigidly veracious; and just once has this, in my opinion, led to a rather curious result. For Chicago he made some years ago an equestrian statue of General John A. Logan. It is an absolutely adequate statue, but, to risk a contradiction in terms, it seems for that very reason the less characteristic of Saint-Gaudens. The typical Logan could not have been better expressed than he is expressed in this vivid portrait of a virile soldier reining in his pawing charger and holding the flag aloft with truly martial gesture. The smell of the battlefield has to go into a good portrait of "Black Jack" Logan, and Saint-Gaudens, conscientious artist that he is, pays it due attention. But somehow he does not seem happy in this work, he is not wholly himself. The flamboyant lies outside the sphere in which he moves with greatest ease and contentment, and I cite the Logan both for its confirmation, by contrast, of the broad drift of his art and for its perfect illustration of what the French critic I have quoted calls the "beautiful integrity" of Saint-Gaudens's work. If the

BAS-RELIEF OF HOMER SAINT-GAUDENS

Logan does not impress us as the Lincoln does, it is the fault of the subject, not of the sculptor; he has at least done his duty by it.

Two other Civil War memorials that he has executed, the Shaw in Boston and the Sherman in New York, bring out a singularly original phase of his art, that which has to do more expressly with matters of design. There is only one work by an old master that is recalled by the Shaw—Velasquez's painting of "The Surrender of Breda." I never see the big relief in front of the Boston State House but the vertical lines of the muskets and flags make me think of that wonderful array of lances in the Spanish picture—one of the most courageous and brilliant episodes in the history of pictorial composition. And when I think of them, it is to reflect on the freshness and skill with which Saint-Gaudens has handled the curious linear effect. The whole relief is audacious, with its multiplication of marching figures, its deter-

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THE SHERMAN EQUESTRIAN STATUE
Central Park, New York

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mined horseman, and the floating figure occupying the upper part of the spacious panel. Here, as in the Logan, movement had to be expressed, and much more complicated movement; but in this instance there was no need of rhetorical flourish, and the sculptor could give a solemn, even stately unity to his picturesque arrangement of forms. His genius and his opportunity were much better matched. They were absolutely at one when he came to do the Sherman, a composition that merely as a composition is one of the memorable achievements of modern sculpture. It is difficult enough to set a man astride upon a horse in bronze and make the two seem one, as they are made to seem in the classical Renaissance types, the Gattamelata of Donatello, and the Colleoni of Verrocchio—how difficult one has only to look at the average equestrian statue to see. To introduce a third factor in the shape of such a draped and winged figure as Saint-Gaudens has placed before his horse and rider is greatly to increase the sculptor's burden. I was looking not long ago at the work of a German who had attacked the same problem, at the Kaiser Wilhelm monument of Begas in Berlin. His solution is woefully disappointing, even though he had the precious aid provided by an elaborate architectural scheme. Not all the paraphernalia of the vast monument on the Spree can obscure the fact that the central group is made up of only factitiously related parts, that no harmony of form and line, of mass and light and shade, is established among the varied elements of the design. It is largely through his masterful creation of such a harmony that Saint-Gaudens has made his Sherman a thing superb and beautiful. Once more, as in the Lincoln, he illuminates history, bodies forth a character; and on this occasion, with the richer dramatic point that his theme carries with it, he builds up a plastic fabric that is in itself a delight to the eye. Walk around it

THE STEVENSON BAS-RELIEF

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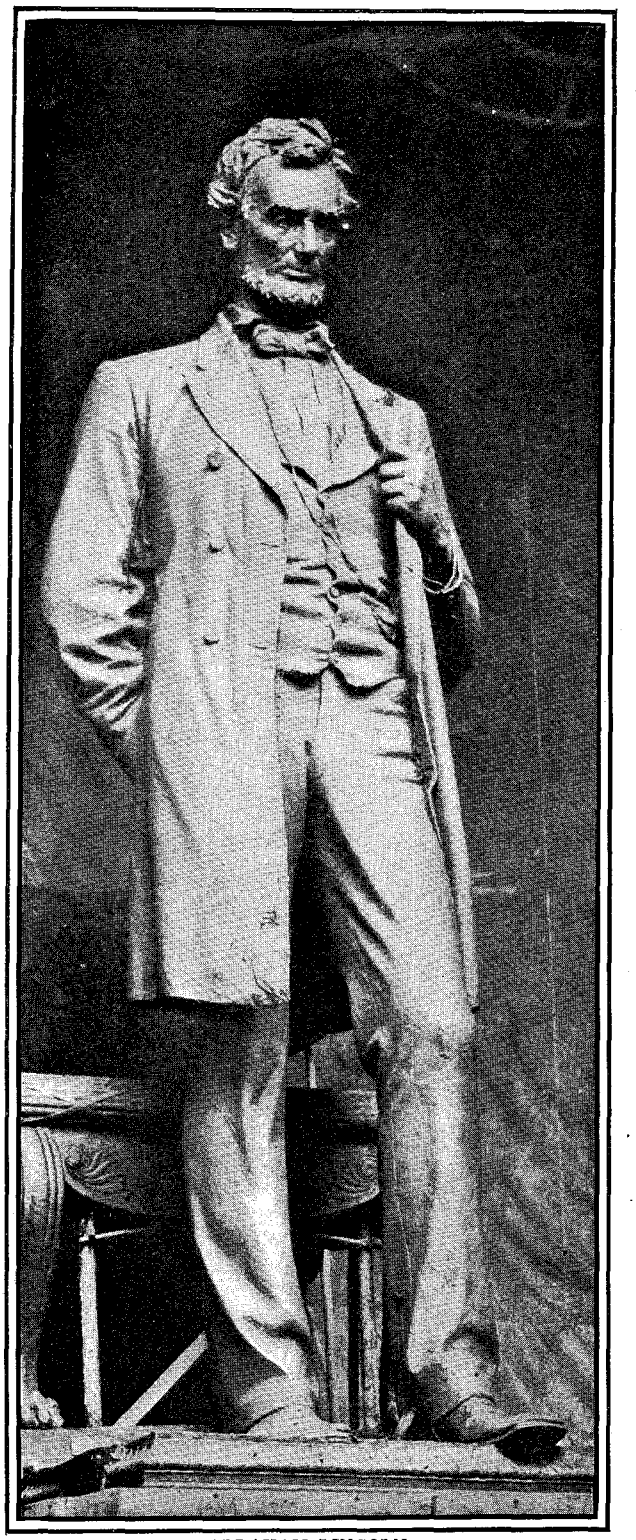

ABRAHAM LINCOLN
Chicago

and see how well it bears the test usually so hard upon an equestrian statue, the test of examination from many points of view.

There are other productions of Saint-Gaudens in the round on which one naturally wishes to pause. There is, for example, the Chapin, the striking costume study at Springfield. Then there is the question as to what he has done in the treatment of the nude, a question easily answered, for his only nude figure is the graceful Diana which he modeled for the top of the Madison Square Garden tower, and that is not a statue, but a decorative finial. But there remains one figure-piece of his—the seated woman of the Adams monument in Rock Creek Cemetery at Washington—which occupies a place apart in the sculptor's history and is, in some respects, more important than anything he has ever done, not even excepting the Lincoln. It is his one work of pure imagination, for if there is a poetic sweetness about the several angelic figures he has designed, there is infinitely more than that about the mysterious guardian of the Adams tomb. Swathed in her heavy garment so that only the inscrutable face is visible, leaning upon one uplifted hand, she is enthroned in solemn simplicity, and her secret is past finding out. All that we know is that it is such conceptions of beauty as this that "light the way of kings to dusty death." In style as in substance

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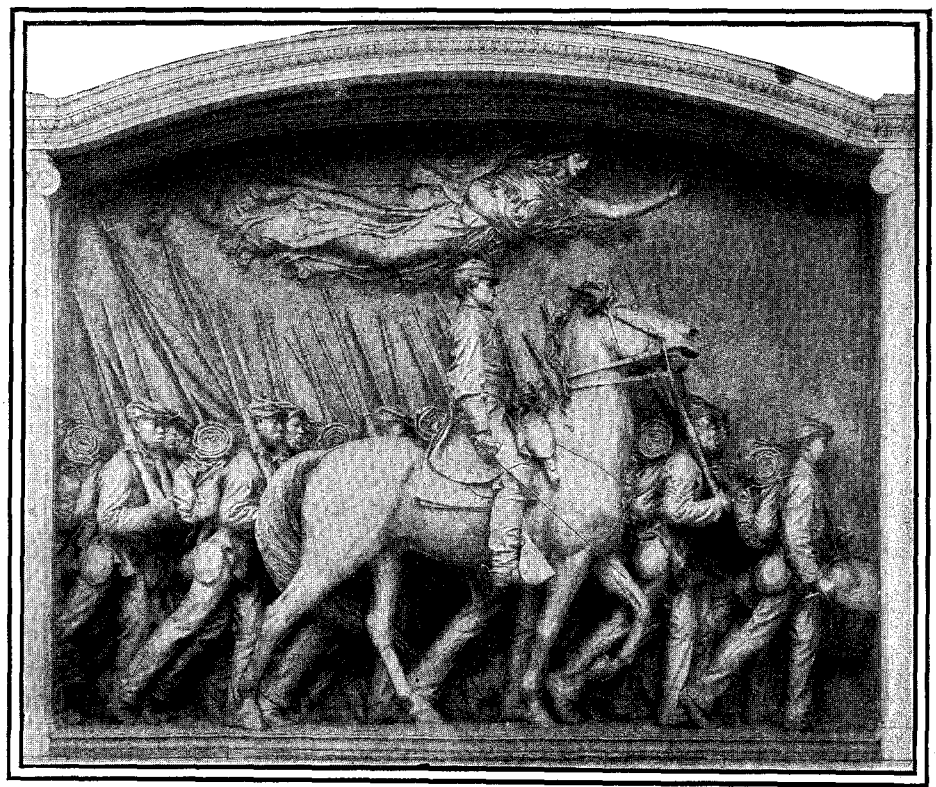

FROM A COPLEY PRINT, COPYRIGHT 1897, BY CURTIS & CAMERON, BOSTON

THE SHAW MEMORIAL

Boston

this is a magnificent creation. The modeling is subtle where it needs to be, but so likewise is it bold where, in the massive folds of drapery, the note to express is that of a kind of majestic austerity.

Touch means in sculpture what it means in music—it is one of the indispensable springs of quality; and perhaps one reason why the touch of Saint-Gaudens is always potent is that he has worked a great deal in low relief. We come back to the Bastien-Lepage. It is dated 1880, which is to say that it carries us back to the earlier years of the sculptor's development. Yet this, like the early Farragut, is the work of a man who has "arrived" the moment he has acquired the rudiments of his profession. The placing of the head and shoulders within the limits of the little panel, the ingeniously yet simply decorative manner in which the sitter's palette and brushes are introduced, indicate the constructive artist, the craftsman who knows just what to do with his material. But

THE PURITAN

Springfield, Massachusetts

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this is only half the battle. The portrait has still to be made. Saint-Gaudens makes it with a spontaneous felicity that spells genius. He knows with just what economy of detail it is necessary to sketch the hair, with just what precision the profile must be outlined; and then, as he caressingly models the sensitive face, he gets from the delicate surface of his relief all the exquisiteness of light and shade that it may be made to yield. This medallion stands practically at the head of a long list of works, large and small, in the same field. Years ago Saint-Gaudens thus celebrated half a dozen of his fellow-artists; and at frequent intervals in his busy career he has executed medallions of his friends, or has produced public memorials like those of Dr. McCosh or Dr. Bellows, and like the Stevenson for Edinburgh. In all of these medallions you find his familiar merits of truth, of power, of style; and you find something more—a beguiling charm.

It is a charm which you come to appreciate the more as you come to know the man. I have spoken of the love which Saint-Gaudens inspires among his colleagues and friends. It is inspired, in the first place, by an original and winning personality. He is not by any means a voluminous talker, but, like every creative artist of the first rank, when he does talk it is because he has something to say. He may remain silent while others are tearing some question of art to pieces. When in a quiet way he makes his contribution to the subject, it is apt to carry more light, to be more suggestive, than anything any one else has said. It is apt, too, this luminous remark of his, to have an amusing edge. Saint-Gaudens's sense of humor is a joy to those who know him. In his companionship one does not know what it is to be uninterested. Not the least lovable of his traits is his wonderful modesty. Never was there a harder worker, a man slower to be satisfied with his own work. He may have carried a model practically to completion, but if, at the last moment, he is displeased with the thing, it is destroyed and done over again. His home amid the New England hills presents a most interesting scene. The quaint old house, with its gleaming white veranda, is surrounded by beautiful gardens and lawns. It is enveloped in an atmosphere of quietude. But in the studios work goes on with tireless energy. In one of them Saint-Gaudens broods over his ideas and gives them life in the clay. Elsewhere his pupils and assistants carry out their appointed tasks. Does he wish to clarify his thoughts on the Parnell he is doing for Dublin, or the new Lincoln he has long had in hand? A full-size model of the whole scheme is set up in the open air, and he studies it until the last difficulty has been conquered. All this takes time and endless trouble, but to Saint-Gaudens that is of no consequence. Nothing is of consequence to him save that the statue he has undertaken should be as perfect a work of art as he can make it.

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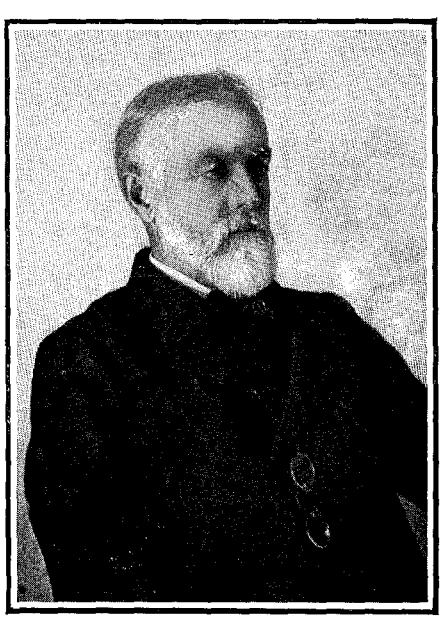
THE GOVERNMENT AS A ROAD-BUILDER[1]

BY JOHN GILMER SPEED

THE importance of the improvement of the common roads in the United States is now so generally conceded that it needs no discussion. This condition of the public mind is new, however. Since the introduction and extension of railways until a few years back the common roads in this country were neglected to such an extent that they became an absolute reproach and hindrance to our civilization. Some ten years ago a systematic campaign was begun to educate the people upon the importance of this subject. The stolid indifference of the people in the country was stupendous, but not surprising when it is considered that the majority of them sincerely believed that the farmers would have to pay the cost of everything in the way of improvement while getting a minimum of advantage. To combat this idea the leaders of road improvement maintained that as the Government had used its credit and lands in assisting railway development and river improvement, it should also do something to help the people with the common roads; for it was contended, with entire truth, that while the railways and navigable rivers are the arteries of trade, the common roads are its veins of supply and distribution.

It has not yet been possible to get the Government to do anything in the way of direct assistance for road-building, but General Roy Stone some ten years or so ago succeeded in inserting what may prove to be an entering wedge. He persuaded the Agricultural Department to get a small appropriation for the establishment of a Bureau of Road Inquiry. Of this Bureau he was the first director, a post which he held until called to military duties in the war with Spain. With the small appropriation at his command he could not do more than gather data for dissemination by the Department, and in this way, together with personal appeals, stir up interest in a subject which had been dormant for half a century. It was a big and difficult job; but on these very accounts it appealed to him as no easy undertaking ever did.



THE LATE GENERAL ROY STONE

The First Director of the Bureau of Road Inquiry, and the Originator of Government Object-Lesson Roads

At the outset he discovered that talking and preaching lacked force. The people would listen, but do nothing. Following the maxim that "seeing is believing," he concluded to try the object-lesson method so successfully adopted in other forms of educational work.

[1] The late General Roy Stone, who died in August, 1905, was invited to write this article and was engaged on it when stricken by his last illness. General Stone's papers were turned over to the author by his family, as well as the pictures here presented.

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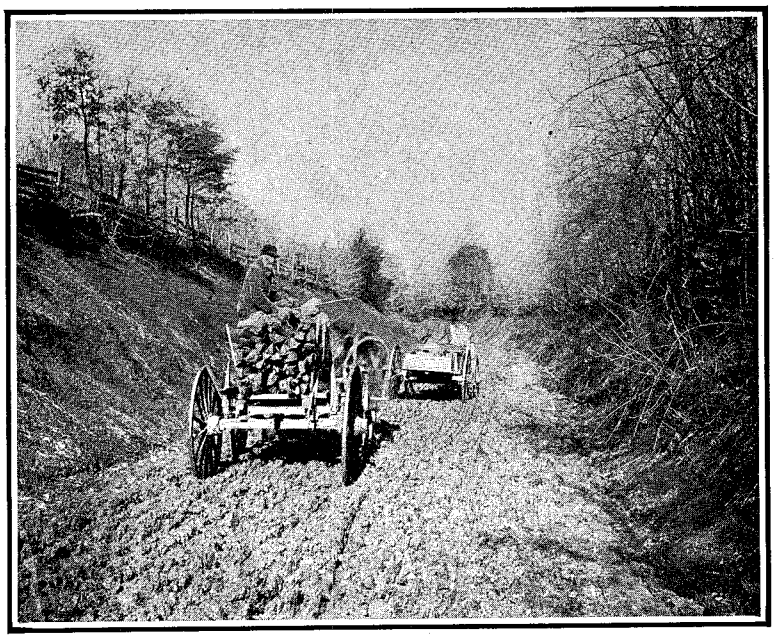

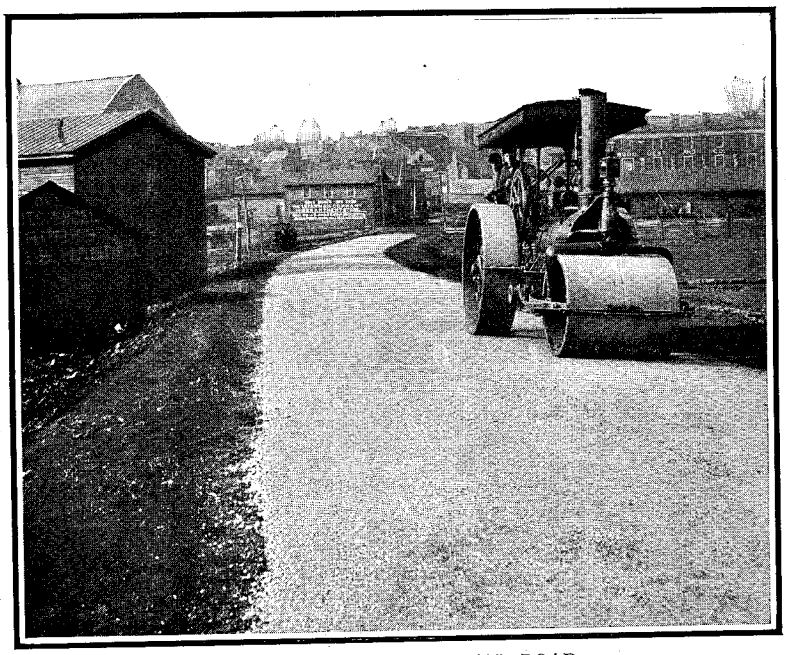

THE JEFFERSON MEMORIAL ROAD

The road runs from Charlottesville, Virginia, to Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson. The first picture shows the original condition of the road; the second a section in process of completion

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But where could he get the money? The United States had provided none, and the only States that were doing anything considerable on their own account—Massachusetts and New Jersey—did not need the assistance of the United States either in the way of money or advice. He kept his eyes on these States, however, and visited many of the others that were most in need of advice and assistance. He persuaded the men who had become interested in other States to visit places where good modern roads had been built. Here is an instance quoted from one of his earlier reports: "When the members of the Legislature of Virginia visited the roads of New Jersey in the early spring, they found them covered with newly fallen snow, which the farmers removed so as to show the firm, smooth surface underneath. This demonstration and the fact that wet snow did not make the macadam road muddy were worth more than any amount of argument, and the Virginians went home to their impassable highways converted to road improvement."

This, however, was object-lesson teaching at long range. What was desired was to build sections of roads in every part of the country, so that the people at home could see what a good road was like, and make personal estimates as to the value. But Congress still lent no assistance. Some other way must be found. The railway companies became interested to an extent, and two at least of the great lines—the Illinois Central and the Southern—in co-operation with the Government Bureau, sent out Good Roads trains carrying road machinery and road materials, and, at places where either the Bureau or the railways could enlist practical local interest, sections of road were built and the object-lessons pressed home. These object-lessons have borne such good fruit that there are at this day hundreds of miles of good and improved roads, either finished or under construction, in sections where ten years ago the subject was not even touched.

On account of the literature pertaining to the Civil War the reading public has probably been made more aware of the bad condition of the roads in the South than elsewhere in the country. The achievements of the Federal commanders were made much more difficult by reason of bad roads, and many mishaps and blunders were attributed to the inability to move troops and transport supplies. These roads, except in Virginia, were not much worse than in other parts of the country, but we heard more of them and suffered more by them. Even in the South the road-building spirit has been awakened, and at the end of 1904 the Bureau reported the good roads in a part of that section of the country as follows:

Alabama.—About one thousand miles of gravel (including chert) roads and three hundred miles of stone roads.

Florida.—Two hundred miles of shell and gravel roads and one hundred and fifty miles of stone roads.

Georgia.—Eleven hundred miles of gravel roads; more than two hundred miles of stone roads.

Kentucky.—Two thousand miles of gravel roads; five thousand six hundred miles of stone roads, mainly built as toll roads, but now free.

North Carolina.—Four hundred miles of gravel roads; three hundred miles of stone roads.

Tennessee.—Twelve hundred miles of gravel roads; one thousand miles of stone roads.

Virginia.—Three hundred miles of gravel roads; five hundred and fifty miles of stone roads (mainly built as toll roads).

All this has not been done since the starting of the road improvement movement. Much of it was done long before, the central portion of the State of Kentucky, for instance, having had several thousands of miles of well-constructed road even before the Civil War. But much of this has been done in the past ten years. In some of the States in the South the convict labor is used in the making of roads, with excellent results so far as the road-making itself is concerned, and without regard to the propriety or desirability of using convict labor in this way, as to which opinions differ.

Next to actual achievement in the making of the roads, the most notable result of the campaign of education has been the alteration of old road laws and the enactment of the new ones under which the States can aid counties and

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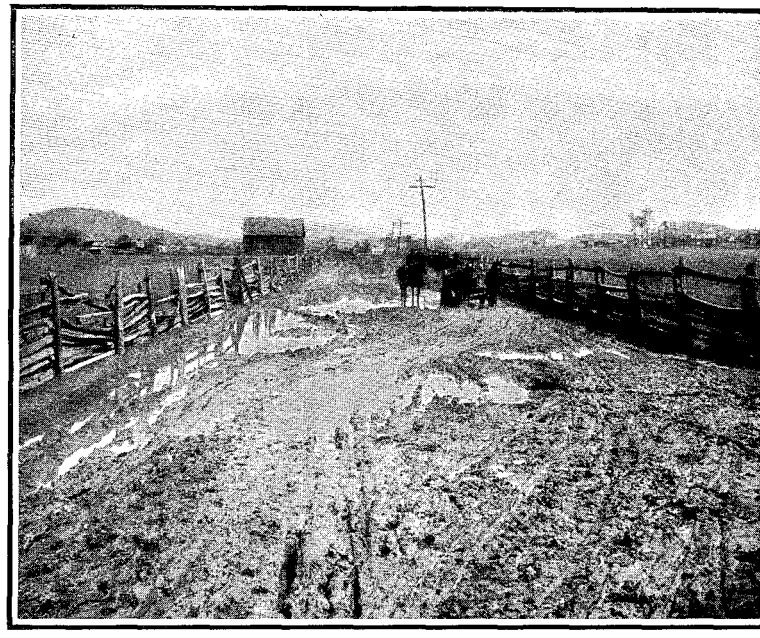

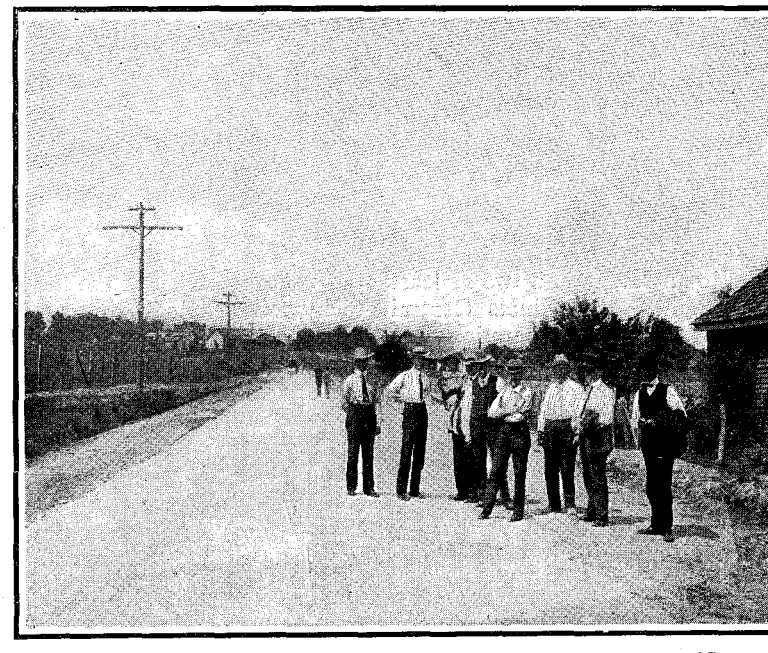

OBJECT-LESSON ROAD AT JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE, BEFORE AND AFTER BUILDING

This road is built of limestone

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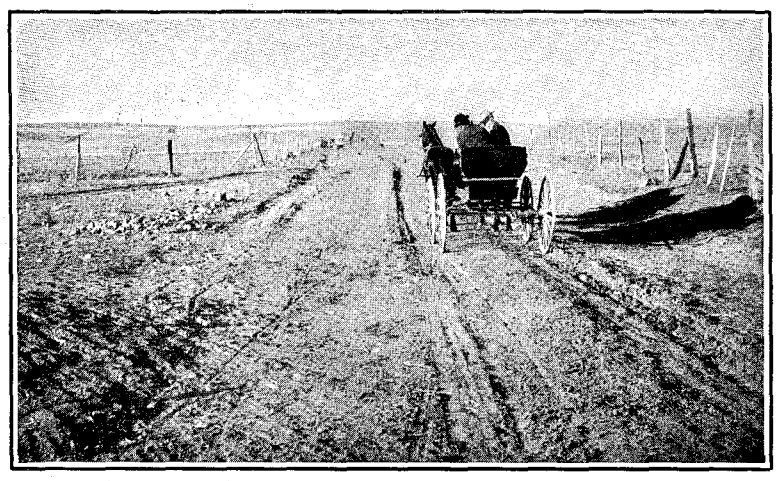
localities where there is a desire for road improvement. According to the last information, road laws that will enable the communities to get better roads have been passed in the following States: Alabama, California, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Illinois, Iowa, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Nebraska, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Vermont, and the Territory of New Mexico. This is surely a great showing, considering the comparatively small means that have been at the disposal of the active agents who have given direction and impetus to the agitation.

There is scarcely a State in the Union in which object-lesson roads have not been built. And none of them have been without result. The last report of the Bureau shows that this object-lesson road-building is being kept up with unabated zeal. It is recommended, however, that the assistance of railways for free transportation and of road machinery manufacturers for free machinery be declined and the work of the future be paid for. This will mean much larger appropriations from Congress than have hitherto been obtained. It also may mean, if the recommendation be carried out, that much less work will be done. The latter would be a pity. As both railways and road machinery makers benefit immensely by the extension of road-building, why not let them help when they are willing to do so? In the last appropriation for the Bureau a clause in the bill stipulated that thereafter the Director of the Bureau should be a scientist. I do not know whether a civil engineer would be called a scientist or not; if not, the clause was a foolish one. Then, again, if the dignity of science is compromised by obtaining tangible and practical results in whatever way is honest, so much the worse for science.

Of course the ideal kind of road for the principal highways is the macadam. This cannot be built everywhere because of the cost of getting proper material. But in the papers issued by the Bureau instructions are given as to how to build these roads, and considerable stress is laid upon drainage. This, I think, is not dwelt upon sufficiently, for, as a matter of fact, Macadam maintained in the beginning, and all competent road-building engineers have cheerfully assented to his teaching, that drainage is of the first as well as the last importance. He said that the dry earth would hold any load that could be put upon it; the first thing to do, therefore, was so to drain the roadbed that it was never dampened except by the direct rainfall and snow, and then keep the roadbed dry by means of his pavement, which was really only a roof. Where this cardinal principle of road-making is



"STRAWED" ROAD IN LINCOLN COUNTY, WASHINGTON
Six inches of straw are added each autumn

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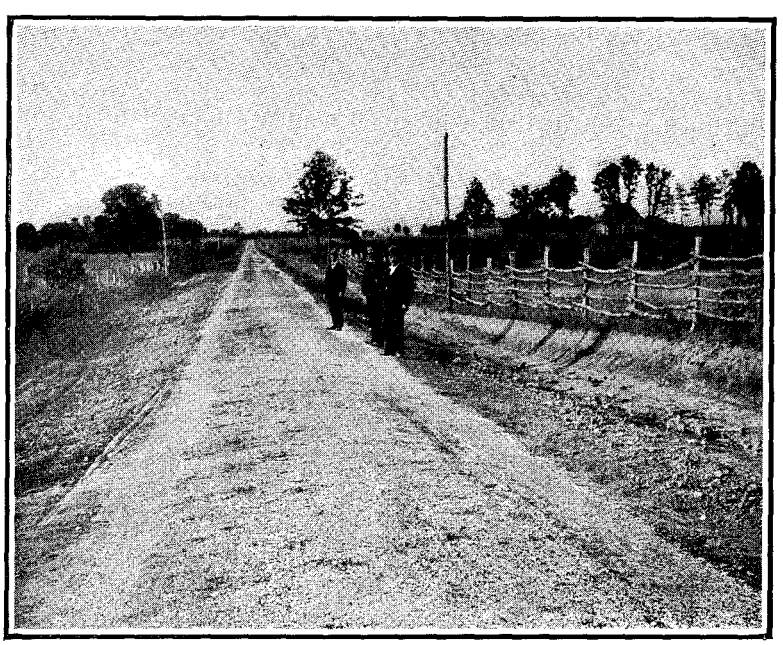

OBJECT-LESSON ROAD AT LEBANON, MISSOURI, BEFORE AND AFTER BUILDING

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disregarded, the money spent is practically thrown away.

The relocation of roads where the grades are unduly steep is insisted upon. The insistence of the Bureau in this regard has not been heeded to any great extent where the road-building has been in the hands of local authorities. The neighborhood pressure brought upon them is usually more than they can withstand. In States, however, where road-making is under the supervision of State authorities, there have been many more relocations so as to secure proper gradients. It is interesting to note that Washington, over a century ago, opposed the placing of roads in the jurisdiction of the county courts for the very reason that has been pointed out.

To give an idea of the importance of grades in road-building I quote Gillespie, who says: "As a general rule, the horizontal length of a road may be advantageously increased to avoid an ascent by at least twenty times the perpendicular height which is thus to be avoided—that is, to escape a hill 100 feet high, it would be proper for the road to make such a circuit as would increase its length 2,000 feet. . . . A straight line is the shortest distance between two points, but this is not always a rule to be followed, for sometimes the longest way round is the shortest way home." Gillespie estimated that if a horse could pull on a level 1,000 pounds, on a rise of—

1 foot in			Pounds.
100 feet	the	horse draws.....	900
50 "	"	.....	810
44 "	"	.....	750
40 "	"	.....	720
30 "	"	.....	640
25 "	"	.....	540
24 "	"	.....	500
20 "	"	.....	400
10 "	"	.....	250

It is therefore seen that when the grades are one foot in forty-four feet, or one hundred and twenty feet to the mile, a horse can draw only three-fourths as much as he can on a level; where the grade is one foot in twenty-four feet, or two hundred and twenty feet to the mile, he can draw only one-half as much; and on a ten per cent. grade, or five hundred and twenty feet to the mile, he is able to draw only one-fourth as much as on a level road.

As a chain is no stronger than its weakest link, just so the greatest load which can be hauled over a road is the load which can be hauled through the deepest mud-hole or up the steepest hill on that road. The cost of hauling is, therefore, necessarily increased in proportion to the roughness of the surface or steepness of the grade. It costs one and one-half times as much to haul over a road having a five per cent. grade, and three times as much over one having a ten per cent. grade, as on a level road. As a perfectly level road can seldom be had, it is well to know the steepest allowable grade. If the hill be one of great length, it is sometimes best to have the lowest part steepest, upon which the horse is capable of exerting his full strength, and to make the slope more gentle toward the summit, to correspond with the continually decreasing strength of the fatigued animal.

So far as descent is concerned, a road should not be so steep that the wagons and carriages cannot be drawn down it with perfect ease and safety. Sir Henry Parnell considered that when the grade was no greater than one foot in thirty-five feet, vehicles could be drawn down it at a speed of twelve miles an hour with perfect safety. Gillespie says:

"It has been ascertained that a horse can for a short time double his usual exertion; also that on the best roads he exerts a pressure against his collar of about one-thirty-fifth of the load. If he can double his exertion for a time, he can pull one-thirty-fifth more, and the slope which would force him to lift that proportion would be, as seen from my table, one of one in thirty-five, or about a three per cent. grade. On this slope, however, he would be compelled to double his ordinary exertion to draw a full load, and it would therefore be the maximum grade."

The instruction by the Government has by no means been confined to the building of stone roads, as it is recognized that much the greater road-mileage is made up of earth roads. And this probably will still be the case when all the principal highways have been roofed

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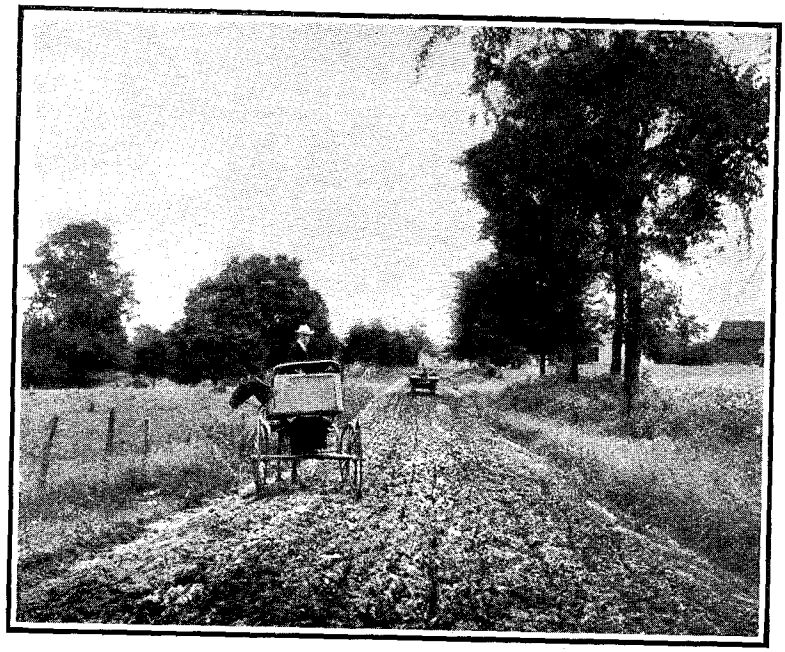

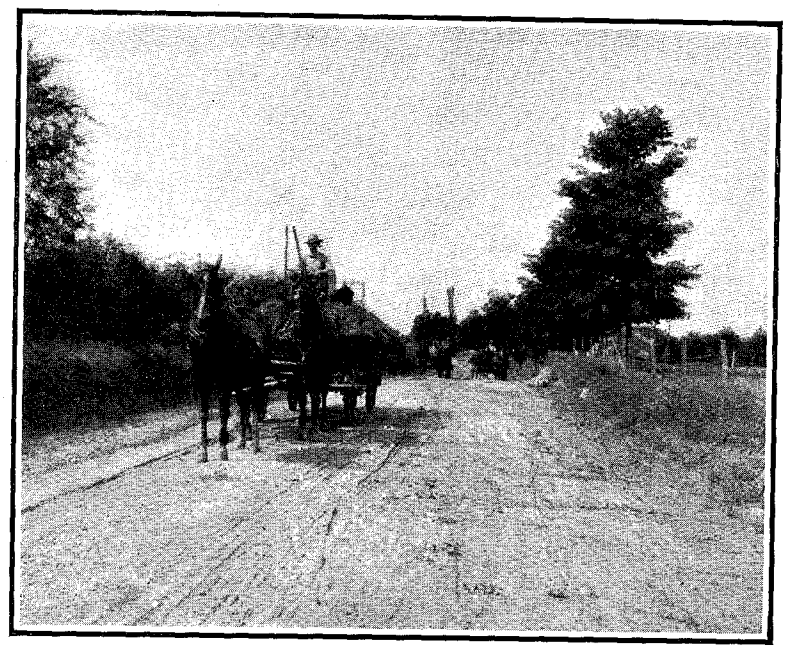

OBJECT-LESSON ROAD NEAR CHAGRIN FALLS, SOUTH DAKOTA
BEFORE AND AFTER BUILDING

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with stone or some other material serving the same purpose. In the making of an earth road the same cardinal principal obtains that is needed for the construction of a stone road. It must be thoroughly drained, and then the surface of the road must be so shaped that the water will run directly into the ditches on either side and not down the road. In the latter case gullies are made, and the earth roadbed is converted into mud. Water is the great enemy of roads when not properly treated; properly treated, it is a beneficent agent, as it helps to consolidate the surface materials, and at the same time frees the surface of dust and uncleanliness. One kind of earth road should not be kept dry—that is, a sand road. That should be damp, and should be sunk rather than drained. The location of an earth road as to gradients is quite as important as in the case of stone roads; and the observations previously made on this subject apply to them with equal force.

AN OILED ROAD NEAR LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Notwithstanding all this good work in the way of theoretical instruction and practical object-lessons, Congress has done nothing in the way of appropriations beyond maintaining the Bureau, though bills have been introduced and discussed. They have been passed by, I believe, and not defeated by a direct vote. And I have no reason to hope that they will not continue to be passed by, and the matter left entirely to the States, some of which are pressing ahead in the work with commendable zeal. Massachusetts and New Jersey, with their State-aid laws, are still in the van, but the recently passed amendment to the Constitution of the State of New York will enable the people of that State to build hundreds of miles of roads each year. These State-aid laws provide that where a locality—town, township, or county—is willing to bear a certain proportion of the cost of the improvement of a road approved of by the State Commission, then the State will pay the remainder. In Massachusetts the State authorities supervise the building of the roads. This is as it should be. In New Jersey the county authorities have charge; this is as bad as it can be. Where local authorities have charge of work such as this, which is at least semi-scientific, too many influences, as before remarked, as to locations and materials are brought to bear with all the potency of neighborhood graft.

But the United States Government as a teacher has only begun its work. The problems in the various parts of the country differ very greatly. In some parts there is stone exactly of the proper sort; in other parts there is abundance of stone, but not of the right kind; in other parts there is a great scarcity of stone, but plenty of wood; while in still other parts there is neither wood nor

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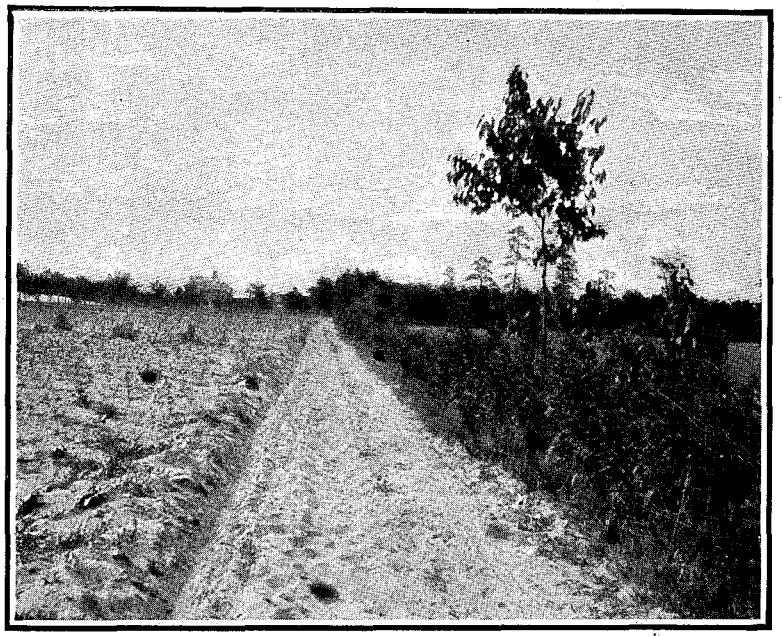

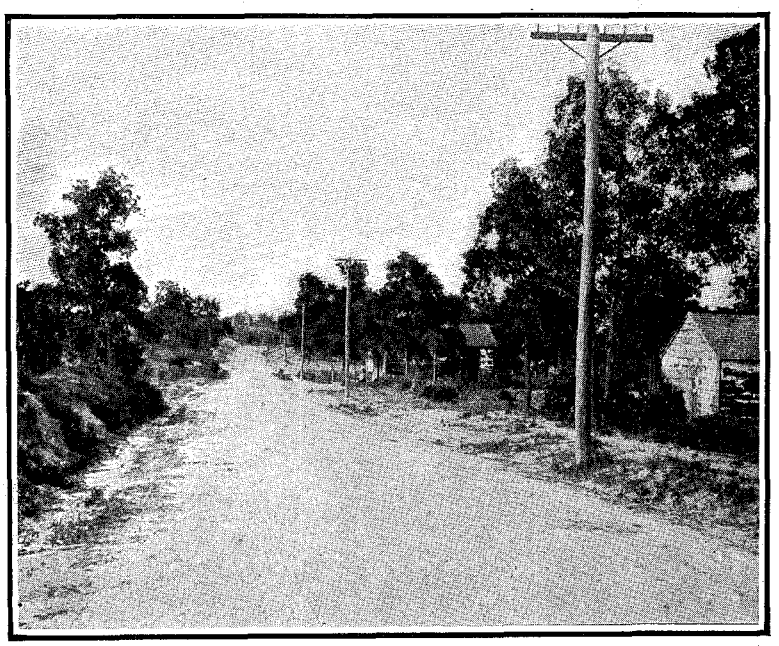

SAND ROAD NEAR COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA, BEFORE AND AFTER ITS IMPROVEMENT

This road has been improved by the sand-clay method. It has been built five years

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stone. To show the local road-builders how to adapt available means to their needs requires research, skill, practical ingenuity, and, above all, experienced common sense. And when a road has been built, the work may be said to have been only begun, for the road has to be maintained during all its life. To maintain and keep in good order a poorly constructed road is quite impossible; but the best road will go to pieces and ravel out unless it be maintained all the time. The old adage, "A stitch in time saves nine," is as applicable to road maintenance as to a farmer's clothing. A road should never be suffered to get out of order. The very day that raveling begins it should be stopped. Therefore a man with a cart containing material and tools should patrol every section of road every week, or, better still, every day, and mend the raveled places then and there. Such a method of maintenance will save each township hundreds of dollars a year, besides keeping the roads always in good order.

So it will be seen that the educational work undertaken by the Government is not completed, and is not likely to be until there are good roads, properly maintained, all over the country. The policy of the zealous directors up to now seems to have been to keep up the enthusiasm by National, State, and local meetings; by building object-lesson roads wherever the means to build them could be found; by maintaining a laboratory for the examination of materials submitted, and by generally encouraging all who are interested or should be interested in the subject.

The most ambitious of the object-lesson roads is called the Jefferson Memorial Road, and runs from Charlottesville, in Virginia, where the University of Virginia is situated, to Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson. This is a hilly country, and a degree of engineering skill is required in the location of a road with easy grades. The length of the old road, which was in use for much more than a century and a half, was 13,215 feet (about 2½ miles), while the grades ranged from nine to sixteen per cent. A good road in such a location was impossible unless a prohibitive amount of money was spent in cuttings and embankments. So it was decided to relocate parts of this historic road. By the relocation the road was lengthened to 15,395 feet (about 2 9-10 miles), while the grades were lessened to two and three per cent. Here was an increase in distance of 16½ per cent. and a reduction in grade of 300 per cent. But this was not all. The old road in wet weather was a muddy rut from beginning to end, while the new road when finished will be hard and smooth from start to finish. When this work was inaugurated, a National Road Convention was held at Charlottesville, and some of the most distinguished men in the country took enthusiastic part in the discussions. This road has not yet been finished, for lack of means, but that it will be completed very soon is the cheerful hope of all who know about it.

That the work of road-building in the United States will receive any serious checks other than those incident to the recurrence of "hard times" seems improbable, for people once accustomed to good roads will never be content with the bad ones which were, and, for that matter, are, the rule in this country. There is one danger, however, which is ever present. The country people themselves have been argued and persuaded into this betterment of their roads. They needed them but did not want them. If road-builders make bad roads that quickly wear out and are costly in maintenance, there will be discouragement, disgust, and then revolt on the part of the taxpayers. That would mean a serious check. The only way to obviate this is to educate a large number of road engineers. Some of the agricultural colleges have taken this up. At present the demand is much beyond the supply, and so it comes to pass that many road improvements are put in charge of men much better qualified to plow than to establish lines, determine upon grades, and judge of the materials used in construction. We often hear that all the ranks of endeavor are crowded; here is one that is not.

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SIR EDWARD ELGAR

IRMINGHAM, England, which had the honor of producing at its music festival for the first time both "The Dream of Gerontius" and "The Apostles," by Sir Edward Elgar, will give, also for the first time, at its festival in October, the sequel to "The Apostles." The performance of this new oratorio, on which the composer has been at work during the past year, following closely the rendering of both the other oratorios at the Three Choirs Festival, held this year at Hereford, on September 9 to 14, is proof of what can be achieved by an artist in a far from congenial environment. Musically, England has for years been dominated by certain traditions introduced by Handel, modified somewhat by Mendelssohn, and adapted by English composers to the needs of the service of the Established Church. Elgar, born of a Roman Catholic family in a Protestant country, did not from the beginning feel the influence of these traditions. Happily, also, he did not encounter them in his musical education, for he was largely self-taught. His father was the organist of a Roman Catholic church in Worcester, and of course gave him instruction; but he had to work out largely for himself his own musical salvation. He studied the piano and the organ, and learned to play two orchestral instruments, the violin and the bassoon. He became a provincial musician. He conducted bands of amateurs, at one time being the director of an orchestra made up of attendants in a lunatic asylum. His early compositions include popular airs and tunes for minstrel performances. Later he succeeded his father as organist at St. George's, Worcester. Early, however, he made a plan to compose a work which should give expression to his faith in the greatness of the Church. It is said that he was already engaged in preparation for this task when Cardinal Newman's poem, "The Dream of Gerontius," was given him as a wedding present by a priest of St. George's. It was not until after he had transformed this poem (or rather parts of it) into what he calls a cantata that he recurred to the other plan and composed "The Apostles." This is termed an oratorio. In fact, neither "The Dream" nor "The Apostles" follows any accepted form of choral composition. As was explained in The Outlook at the time both works were performed at Cincinnati in May, they bear about the same relation to traditional oratorio that Wagner's music-dramas bear to conventional opera. In them the composer is intent, not on the production of tuneful music, but on the dramatic unfolding of an idea. To this end he combines soloists, chorus, and orchestra in following a literary scheme. In the one case the scheme is provided by the Cardinal's poem; in the other case it is woven by himself from Scriptural sources, supplemented by his own imagination. In each case it is an aspect of religious faith interpreted by a man of devout feeling and artistic sincerity.

Concerning Sir Edward Elgar's music opinion is divided. One critic declares, for example, that "The Dream of Gerontius" deserves "merely a paragraph," though he devotes to it a good part of a newspaper column. Another says that though it is beautiful it lacks individuality. On the other hand, there are critics whose enthusiasm is couched in such terms as these: "Elgar is revealed as a man who is big enough to take what others have done before him and so mold it to his own use that when his work is finished there is a beautiful and symmetrical structure, complete in itself, betraying in every angle and in every curve the individuality of the maker." "Undoubtedly the greatest composer England has produced since the days of Purcell at least." "A composer capable of handling the entire machinery of modern composition, not merely with the skill of a master technician, but with the boldness, freedom, and security of an inventor." Such contradiction in opinion shows how liable contemporary judg-

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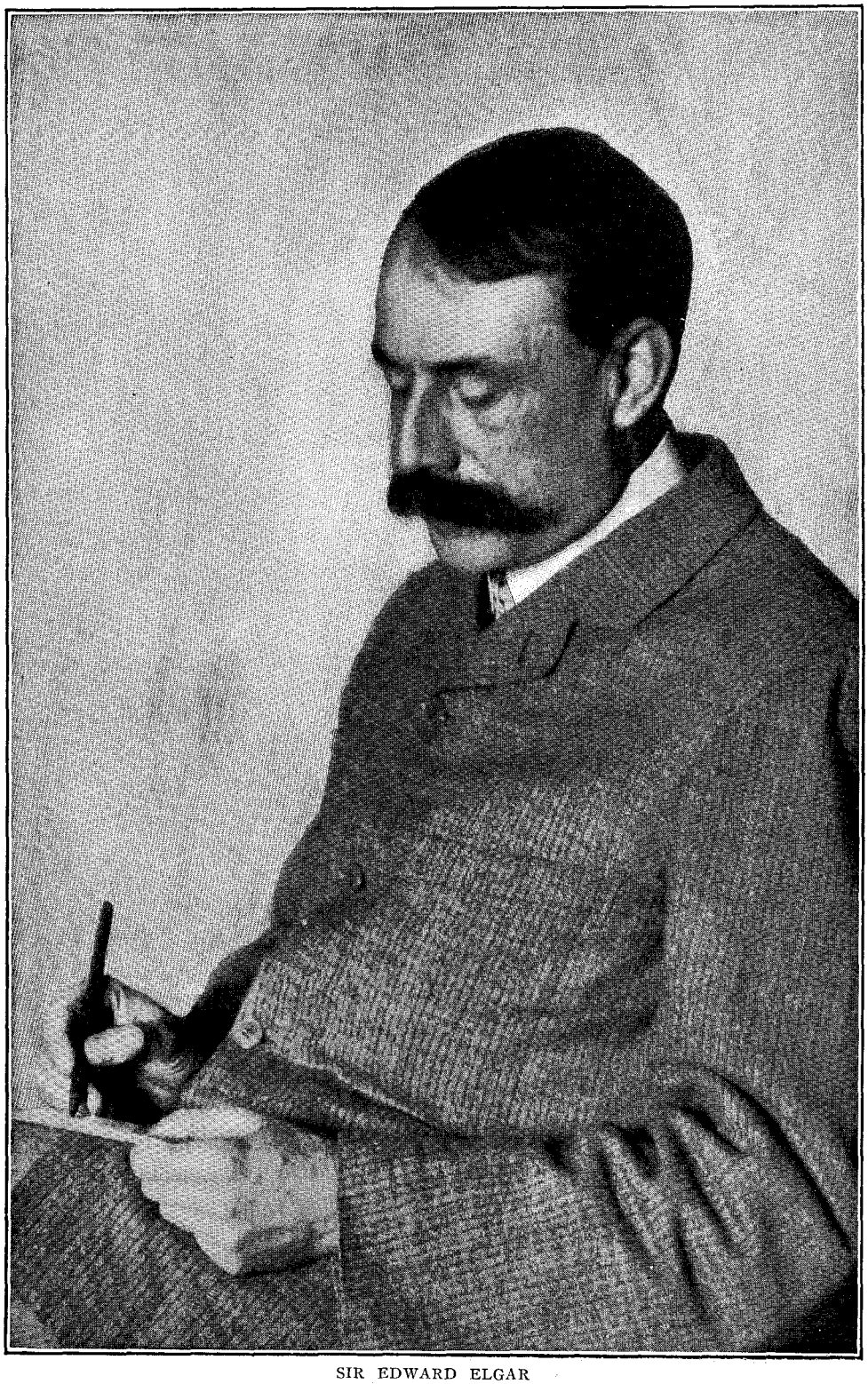

SIR EDWARD ELGAR
Photographed especially for The Outlook at his home in Hereford, England
by Arthur Hewitt

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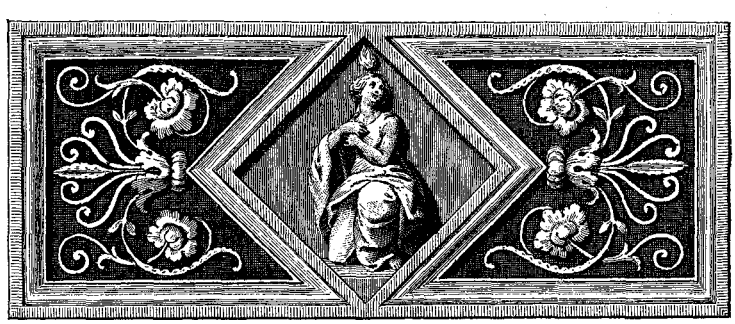
ment is to err. In the case of Sir Edward Elgar the liability to error is greatest on the side of those who acknowledge their inability to hear the beauty and originality of his music. It is true that in some respects he might be called a follower of Wagner; more accurately he should be described as a leader in the same movement in which Wagner was also a leader, applying to oratorio the same principles that Wagner applied to opera. In other respects Elgar is much more akin to Bach, both in technique and in feeling. Though he has at his disposal orchestral resources which were unknown in Bach's day, and wisely makes use of them, he is a kindred spirit to Bach in his free treatment of choruses and in his naïve and human interpretation of profound religious feeling. The German Protestant of the eighteenth century and the English Roman Catholic of the twentieth have both musically and spiritually much in common. Elgar, however, is in no need of being an imitator. There are a good many people who believe that they can recognize a passage of Elgar's music as his as easily as an equally unfamiliar passage of Schumann's or Brahms's. Elgar's personality appears in most diverse passages of his compositions. Unlike as they are in other respects, the song "Where Corals Lie" from the "Sea Pictures," the opening chords of "The Apostles," the military theme in the concert overture "In the South," and the prelude to the second part of "Gerontius," all have something in common that inclines one to say, "That is Elgaresque." Individuality in music is not always capable of analysis; and if a hearer fails to find it in Elgar's compositions, it cannot be proved.

Personally Sir Edward Elgar lacks all the elements of pretentiousness. Tall, with shoulders somewhat bent like the traditional scholar's, unassuming in manner, with none of the affectations which characterize many men who seem to wish to have their artistic temperaments labeled, he looks as if he might be a barrister or Member of Parliament. He lives quietly in Hereford. In golf he finds relaxation from the intense and trying labor of composition—a relaxation which one of his nervous organization especially needs. He is forty-nine years of age. He has therefore, it is reasonable to hope, many years yet in which to enrich England's scanty contributions to the world's enduring store of music. He has expressed himself recently as out of sympathy with the present tendency toward "programme music" and metaphysical music, of the introspective, lugubrious, and morbid sort, and he gave it as his opinion that absolute music was the highest form of the art. If in his practice he follows his preaching, it may be that out of England will come, in addition to this new development of the oratorio, a movement to restore to music the sanity, poise, and restraint which for the time being it seems largely to have lost.

At present, interest in Sir Edward Elgar's work will circle about his new oratorio. In England, as we have said, it will be given shortly after "The Apostles," which it is designed to complete. In the United States, so the announcement is made, "The Apostles" and its sequel will be given in the same order. The two works will be performed by the Oratorio Society in New York on the 19th and 26th of next March.



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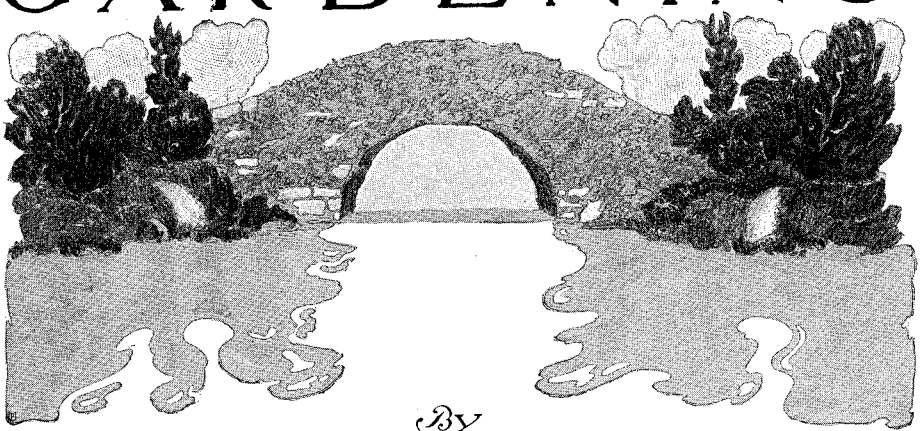
The ART OF LANDSCAPE GARDENING



By
SAMUEL PARSONS
And W. R. O'DONOVAN A.N.A.
WITH PHOTOGRAPHS By ARTHUR HEWITT
AND DECORATIONS By ALDEN PEIRSON

THAT the art of the landscape gardener, or landscape architect, had its beginning before the dawn of civilization, may be inferred from the statement of Mr. La Farge that the Fiji Islander arranges his garden with an engaging taste, not inartistic.

As in these times a love of gardens and of gardening is found everywhere with all kinds and conditions of people, it may be thought to have been so since people began to grow vegetables and flowers, and strive for orderliness and taste in their surroundings.

The Bible, which places the first created and perfect man in a garden through which flowed a great river, with everything pleasant to the sight and good for food, with gold and bdellium and the onyx stone, pictures in few words a garden of which the imagination of man, in the measure of its scope and in accordance with its bias, has made pictures of infinite variety. Doubtless Lord Bacon would have made of it much the same garden that he pictures with consummate charm of literary art, if with questionable art as a gardener—as that art is with us, here and now. With its straight rows of fruit trees, each tree alternating fantastic forms in box, it was much the same, we may imagine, as were made before Bacon's time by Hebrew, Persian, Greek, and Roman.

Of the garden of King Solomon we know little. Of the famous hanging gardens of Babylon, we know only that they were built on walls and terraces of the palace, and, in consequence, must have been fanciful rather than artistic. Of the garden of Epicurus, the first in a Greek city, we know less of what it was like than of the use he made of it; he exercised, taught, lived in it, in his own original Epicurean way.

Gardens, indeed, in all times have been favorite places of sages and poets and an inspiration to them, doubtless, as to commoner mortals whose emotions and imaginings run not into creative forms.

"To grottoes and to groves we run,
To ease and silence, ev'ry muse's son,"

sings Pope, who wrote of gardens, and made one as well, and was one of the

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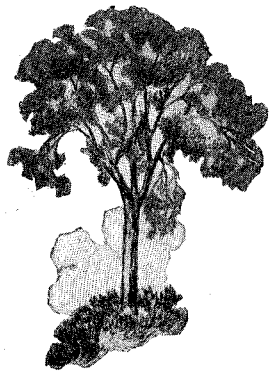


first Englishmen to plead for a more naturalistic form; for "imitation of nature," as he rather loosely puts it.

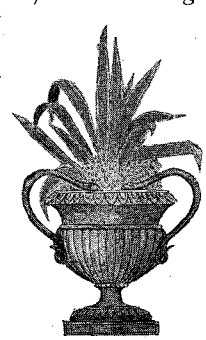
But a long time was to elapse before the English were to find their own artistic expression apart from literature. The art of the gardener, as well as that of the painter, was then purely exotic, borrowed, as William Hazlitt has said, and with difficulty.

The formal garden of Italy, coming into England with William of Orange, through the Dutch, was still formal and more childishly fantastic than that of the younger Pliny's Tuscan villa, which he has so charmingly and particularly described, with its obelisks and letters of box alternating rows of fruit trees, as in Francis Bacon's; but in Pliny's there was the surprise of an "imitation of the negligent beauty of rural nature;" of such-like irrelevant negligency the Dutch taste which went into England with William was guiltless.

With Kent, whose achievements as a revolutionist in gardening are celebrated by Horace Walpole in his masterly essay (1770), came a more indigenous if somewhat too romantic and trivial style. "If," says Walpole, "we have the seeds of a Claude or a Gaspar amongst us, he must come forth." "If wood, water, groves, valleys, glades, can inspire or poet or painter, this is the age to produce them." He was right, as it proved; that was the time in which a truly British art was to come forth and reach highest. The Royal Academy had been established two years. Gainsborough was in his thirty-third year, Wilson in his fifty-seventh, Repton in his eighteenth, and John (old) Crome was one year old. Turner was born five years later, and Constable six; and with the latter and Repton came the truest, most indigenous expression of English landscape art, the influences of which were destined to be so profound and reach so far.

It is hard to say, and may be unprofitable to consider, how much the art of the landscape painter has influenced that of the gardener, or *vice versa;* just as it is hard to say in what degree both are the product of a tendency or the producers of a tendency. The one thing certain, however, is that art, all art, marks the last permanent expression of the spirit of a time, or stage of civilization. It is to be said that while the art of the landscape painter in England culminated in Constable and Turner, that of the landscape architect found its highest reach in Repton, whose best work was done in the early part of the last century.

We find predominant in the great Italian painters the human element, and the landscape where it appears is merely accessory. In Velazquez and Rembrandt and Rubens it is the same. It is true they painted the landscape as superlatively well as they did all else, but it is never a dominant motive. Shakespeare describes nature with incomparable power of suggestiveness and with remarkable knowledge of facts, but it serves merely as a stage setting for the great movement of his dramas. We find also, in the gardens of Italy and of France, this quality of a stage setting for the figure, for fashion; but it is quite formal, frankly removed from nature; and so in literature, "the proper study of mankind is man." Jean Jacques Rousseau, departing from formalism, put, as some one has said, green into his landscape; following him comes Walter Scott, along with Repton and Constable; and a true love of nature, apart from the human and formal element, from that time to this



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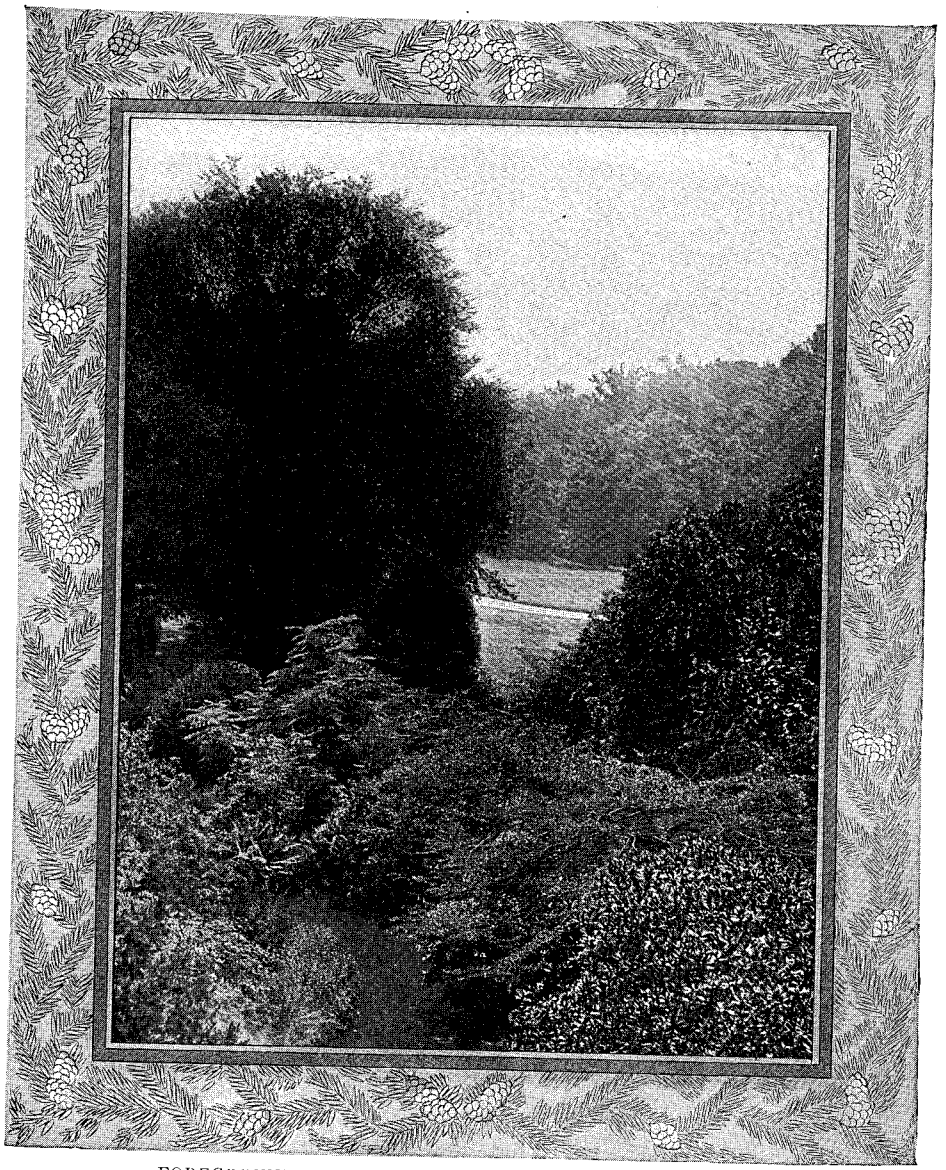

FOREGROUND OF RHODODENDRONS AND EVERGREENS IN THE VALE OF CASHMERE, PROSPECT PARK, BROOKLYN

is dominant in literature and art almost everywhere.

It must be taken into account that, until within the last century, in England and on the Continent, gardens and parks were appurtenances of kings, nobles, and great landlords, open to the public only through grace; and that no public park, designed as such, was known. Hyde Park in London was a stretch of fields, as it is substantially at this time, and the great forests which now swell the park area of Paris and London to such enormous figures were royal forests and game preserves, with which the landscape architect had little or nothing to do.

In 1865 there were twenty thousand country houses in England as large as or larger than our White House, with parks and gardens of corresponding dimensions, most of which were constructed by landscape architects; many of the

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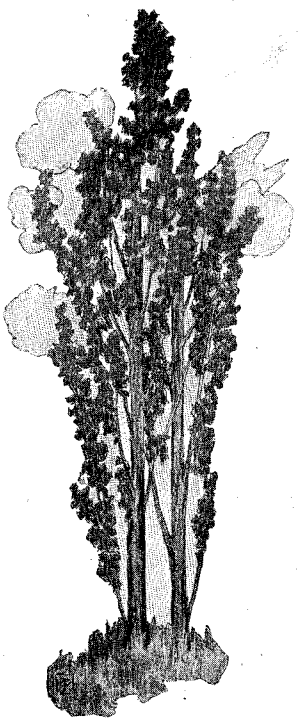
most beautiful of them by Repton. Three of these, which may be mentioned as models of dignified and simple beauty, are Abbey Park, near Guilford (Duke of Northumberland); Wentworth House, Yorkshire (Lord Wentworth); Welbeck Abbey, Northamptonshire (Duke of Portland). This will give one an idea of that love of the English for country life and nature which has found such notably beautiful expressions in English literature and art.

With us in Colonial days, particularly in Virginia, where estates were of vast extent and the people very English, there were gardens in the taste of the time of Queen Anne, as were the houses mostly; and from these was evolved the distinct and beautiful style known as Colonial. In this, as in all our arts, we borrowed, then properly enough, from England, as England had borrowed formerly, and with less excuse, from the older civilizations of the Continent. How surprisingly well we borrowed may now be seen in paintings by Americans of the time, classed with the British school in the National Gallery in London. They almost make one wish we had continued to borrow from that source, rather than from the French, from whom we borrow now, not wisely and too much. But the British school has decayed, and through no fault of our own we have long since ceased to be British, and must learn to look to ourselves if we would find an art expression quite our own.



In the early part of the last century the art of the landscape gardener began to find expression along the Hudson, in Pennsylvania and some of the New England States, and the landscape gardener, as an artist, made his first notable appearance in the person of Andrew Jackson Downing, born in Newburg-on-the-Hudson in 1815, just two years before the death of Humphrey Repton in England. The work of Downing, through his widely read writings, his admirable skill as a gardener, his personal charm and influence, may not be too highly estimated, and should, indeed, find some fit form of expression in New York, which is indebted mainly to his efforts for Central Park. It was destined that he should perish at the age of thirty-seven, in saving fellow-passengers from the fire which consumed the steamer Henry Clay on the Hudson.

Downing's "Rural Essays" were first collected and published, with a preface by George William Curtis and a letter to his friends, by Frederika Bremer, the celebrated Swedish novelist, who for some time was a guest in his charming home at Newburg.

It may be surprising to people of this generation, who know Central Park only as an accomplished fact, to learn with what difficulty and in the face of what strenuous and bitter opposition it was attained; and it might seem inexplicable if the same thing had not been almost exactly repeated, less than a quarter of a century back, in procuring the act which authorized the acquisition of the 3,848 acres comprised in the new parks. Only after a fight of six or seven years, involving almost every prominent citizen, was it accomplished. That there were what seemed at the time reasonable reasons for such opposition may be gathered from the fact that Theodore Roosevelt, then Chairman of the Legislative Committee on Cities, was one of the most active opponents of the movement now plainly seen to have been so essential to the well-being of the city.

In 1807, when New York contained less than one hundred thousand inhabitants, Governor De Witt Clinton mapped out a plan for parks, giving one acre for every one hundred and sixty inhabitants, and making the park area south of For-

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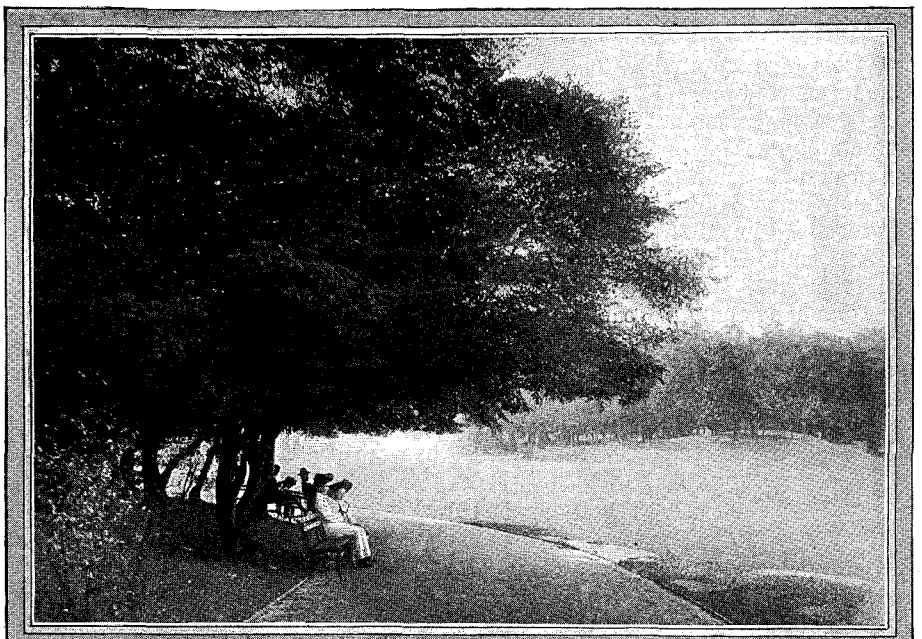

THE NORTH MEADOW, CENTRAL PARK

WINDING WALK AND WOODED BANK,
CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK

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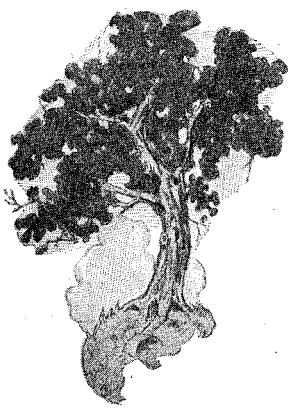
tieth Street nearly four hundred acres. Of the largest of these parks, extending from Twenty-third to Thirty-fourth Streets and from Third to Seventh Avenues, containing nearly two hundred acres, nothing is left but the six and a half acres of Madison Square. Of the four hundred below Fortieth Street, only sixty-six remained in 1887.

The small parks made since that time, comprising 118 acres, cost $16,951,596; thus has one generation paid for lack of foresight and public spirit on the part of preceding ones.

The absurdity of the opposition to which Downing and those who stood with him in the fight for Central Park were subjected may be seen when it is stated that at the time our new parks were acquired (1884) the park area of New York was in the proportion of one acre to every 1,363 of the population, while that of London was one to every 205; of Paris, one to 13. Still more absurd, as we see it now, were the reasons for such opposition. The park, it was said, was too far from the center of population; the city would not grow up to it in fifty years; it would become a resort for vagabonds and thieves; and, finally, it would bankrupt the city. It certainly was a costly, and at the time must have looked like a hazardous, experiment. When the land was acquired, 1853–59, it formed one of the most uninviting parts of the island. The lower part—a combination of rocks and swamps—was used as a dumping-ground. It cost, in all, six million six hundred and some thousand dollars, and for its general completion twenty thousand dollars an acre and fifteen years of labor; yet, far from bankrupting the city, the increased taxes on property surrounding it not only paid the interest on the seven per cent. bonds, but the principal as well, and, as is estimated, seventeen millions in addition.



Downing, as we have seen, did not live to see the change of the public sentiment in favor of Central Park, which he had voiced, reach certainty in the act of 1853, but his influence and his art, in a sense, were carried on into its design and construction through Calvert Vaux.

It was during his visit to England in 1850 that Downing met Calvert Vaux—a young architect, born in London in 1824—and induced him to come to this country as an associate. This connection was continued until Downing's death, at which time they were engaged in the construction of the grounds of the Capitol and the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. It was at Downing's house at Newburg that Vaux first met Frederick Law Olmsted, who was to become his associate in so many important works. Frederick Law Olmsted was born at Hartford, Connecticut, in 1822, and, after taking a course in agriculture and engineering at Yale, 1845–6, became a farm laborer in order to acquire an intimate, practical knowledge of agriculture, which he turned to account on Staten Island, where he purchased a farm, and while living there contributed many articles on rural subjects to periodicals. He made a pedestrian tour through Great Britain and on parts of the Continent, making careful observations of agricultural and ornamental grounds, which resulted in a book entitled "Walks and Talks of an American Farmer in England." In this same spirit of research he made a journey on horseback through the seaboard slave States, in order to arrive at conclusions concerning the economy and other aspects of slave labor, which were contributed in the form of letters to the New York Times, and gathered finally into three volumes, which by many are thought to contain the most vivid, just, and comprehensive picture extant of the Old South. This work was published in 1856. It was followed by another in 1857—"A Journey Through Texas; or, A Saddle Trip on the South Western Frontier. With a Statistical Appendix." Then, in 1860, "A Journey in the Back Country."

In 1861, at the beginning of the Civil

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War, when the cotton question was engaging the attention of the commercial world, two of these works, condensed in two volumes and entitled "The Cotton Kingdom," were published in London, where they were widely read and made a profound effect. In 1861, Olmsted, who was one of the projectors of the great "Sanitary Commission," became its general secretary. This place he filled with great efficiency until 1864, living during that time in Washington, making many visits of observation to the army and navy, that he might the better advise the Government as to their needs. After the close of the war and the work of the great Commission, he projected the "New York State Charities Aid Association," of which he was Vice-President for two years; was active in founding the Metropolitan Museum of Art and that of Natural History; in 1871 urged upon the territorial government of the District of Columbia the system of wide streets since carried out. After this, during a residence of two years in California, he helped found, and became President of, the Yosemite Commission. With Olmsted, back of all this activity in practical affairs was the temperament of the dreamer and idealist, to which the world is indebted for so many of its greatest inventions, as those of the artist Leonardo da Vinci, and with us Morse and Fulton, who made a new civilization, knitting the countries of the world together.

ROCK TREATMENT OF SHORES OF LAKE AND RAMBLE, CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK

It was in 1856 that a chance meeting with one of the Park Commissioners led to Olmsted's employ-

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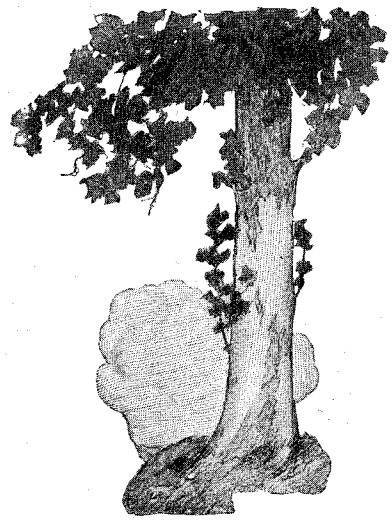
ment as its Superintendent. Central Park was then being constructed after a design which was abandoned. A competition was invited, and Calvert Vaux and Frederick Law Olmsted, in collaboration, presented a design which, out of thirty-three submitted, was selected. Olmsted and Vaux were appointed landscape architects of the park, which was substantially completed under their direction.

The association of these two remarkable men was, for the public and the art of the landscape architect in this country, most happy. Holding identical views as to the underlying principles of the art, in temperament and training each supplemented the other admirably. Vaux, notwithstanding his training as an architect, saw nature with the eyes and from the point of view of a painter of landscape, whose art, in spare moments, he assiduously practiced as a means of recreation and for the light the practice of an analogous art throws upon one's own. Of a shy and retiring disposition, his difficulties in written and spoken language were many and great, although he wrote much of value. His means of expression being limited to his art, he mastered it the more thoroughly through stress of necessity, while the fluent eloquence of his associate left him the freer to follow it.



As we have seen, the lower part of Central Park consisted of rocks and swamps, while the upper, in a general way, presented much the same features that now distinguish it. That is to say, as art, it grew out of natural conditions. Ruskin, with admirable truth and comprehensiveness, says that "almost all natural landscapes are redundant sources of more or less confused beauty, out of which the human instinct of invention can, by just choice, arrange, not a better treasure, but one infinitely more fitted to human sight and emotion, infinitely narrower, infinitely less lovely in detail, but having this great virtue, that there shall be nothing that does not contribute to the effect of the whole." In this may be found the whole art of the landscape architect as practiced by Repton, Downing, Olmsted, and Vaux, and those who have followed them in this country, thanks to Central Park, which has served as a model. Without this impressive object-lesson and others made afterwards by the same men, it may be that, through the increased and dominating influence of French art during the latter part of the last century and to this time, the artificial style of Le Notre, as at Versailles, might have obtained; which, however charming of its kind, is still a product of a period of French fashion which would not have fitted here at any time.

As it would be much too troublesome and expensive to change parks and gardens as we do our garments, it is well that they are not subject to the moods of fickle fashion. The best art and truest beauty are those which grow out of reasonable, wise adaption to circumstance and purpose. That old truth is, upon the whole, admirably demonstrated in the art of Central Park, even in the lower part, of which the only retainable condition possible or desirable was afforded by the great ridges of rocks. Pastoral scenes, such, notably, as the North Meadows, stretching almost across the Park from the entrance at Ninety-sixth Street and Eighth Avenue, with the girdle of oaks, broken with small groups of trees, are very restful and pleasing in the midst of a city, and, as art, offer an example of that most desirable end—repleteness of sentiment, attained with due economy of means—which is an essential, if not the most essential, element of all really good and lasting art. What not to do is about the last thing one learns, and one, possibly, that none but the greatest learn at all.

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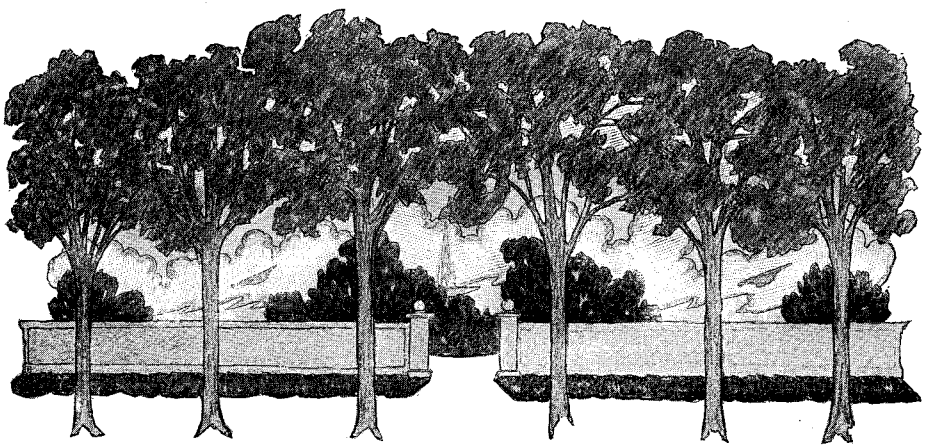
The 3,848 acres added to our system under the act of 1884 are all natural park lands, with which little should or may be done beyond making roads and walks; a judicious process of selection and elimination that, as Ruskin says, "there shall be nothing that does not contribute to the effect of the whole."

Differing in character, all these new parks have so much of natural distinctive beauty that even the abjectest imitator of Le Notre would scarcely have the heart to tamper with them.

Doubtless the taste in landscape has changed greatly with us, as everywhere, within the last fifty years, and for the better. The art of the landscape architect as well as that of the painter has, curiously enough, been influenced mainly by that small group of French painters known as the Barbizon School, who are not smothered by their subject matter to the extent of being unable to compel it to an expression of themselves; nor have they the least of the formal style to which the French seem still to cling in gardening. It has been said that this group of painters are not French; that from French roots they have grown up into a world-wide art; that they are not nearly so much at home in their own country as elsewhere, particularly with us. The naturalistic methods of Constable, it is said, influenced this group to find, as he had done, subject matter in their own environment, and to work regardless of formulas of the Institute or School. At any rate, the value of this example is to impress anew the old truth that art, with trees and plants, must have root in its own soil in order to grow into that large and more luminous atmosphere which gives long and sturdy life. It was this lesson, taught anew by Constable, Repton, and these men in France, through which we are are learning to see a like quality of sturdy life in the work of some of our own men, such as, to mention two who are no longer with us, Homer Martin and George Inness. Of Martin's work, one picture—"Sand Dunes"—well illustrates how many little things may be left out of a picture so that the bigger ones that make great and beautiful art may not be vexed by them. It is this larger, graver art, this "simple truth, miscalled simplicity," to which we think landscape architecture here is tending. It has found very notable expression, indeed, in much of the work of Downing, of Olmsted, and Vaux—such as the "North Meadows" before mentioned; but there are difficulties. The painter, if he is so constituted, may reach out away ahead of the taste of his time and struggle along in one way or another through life with little or no appreciation from the public, and many of the greatest of painters have had to do this. With the landscape architect it is somewhat different; his work must, in a sense, be made to fit the taste of the corporation or the individual for whom it is constructed; it is not done with pigments on a canvas which may be left to take its chances with futurity. The landscape architect's pigments are trees, rocks, and shrubs, and his canvas the solid earth—ponderous and costly materials mostly, used of necessity to



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suit the taste of the owner, whether corporation or individual.

Being, in this sense, subject to fashion, we should be grateful for one set to our taste,. as in Central Park, which marks a tendency and affords an example of park-making from which it would be difficult to depart even if it were thought desirable.

Growing out of natural conditions to fit a peculiar public need, it fixes a precedent and impresses a principle in the art, of such soundness and elasticity as affords to every one of the many able young men now coming forward ample room for the freest possible use of his art, in accordance with individual bias; subject to restriction by his client, it is true, but this, in any case, must prove less exacting than arbitrarily fixed rules of art—such, for example, as have been recorded by Lord Bacon and Sir William Temple, who lays it down as a law that "the best figure of a garden is either a square or an oblong." Doubtless both square and oblong are good figures for a garden, when made to fit a place and purpose; not otherwise. Being happily freed from these fixed rules, and at liberty to use whatever individual artistic feeling prescribes as best for any particular place or purpose, we shall find an almost endless variety of motive in this country, embracing, as it does, almost all climatic conditions in which growths of trees, shrubs, and flowers, from corresponding parts of the world, are found to thrive, as well as such as are indigenous. The means at hand for the landscape architect and gardener are thus vastly increased.

With increased scientific knowledge of propagation and protection of plants from enemies, the quality of work produced rests more with the individual artist than at any time previous in the history of the art. That it will not deteriorate may be confidently predicted.

BATTLE STREET AND ST. JAMES'S

BY ARTHUR COLTON

THE wind that came across the park fell into confusion at the corner of Main and Battle Streets, as if it knew not whither to go. There was no more crowded corner anywhere of a Christmas eve. The street-cars swung around it with an iron shriek, and the policeman shouted hoarsely to those who bent their heads against the storm and forgot the street-cars. Snowflakes danced about madly before the plate glass of the candy store, and a newsboy danced about there too—a prosperous newsboy, doing business with decision. A gust of wind tore a paper from his hand, spread it out like a kite, swept it around the corner and wrapped it over the head of a man who did not want it. The newsboy followed after vigorously.

"That's mine! Have a paper, sir?"

"Don't want it that way," grumbled the startled gentleman. "No, I have one."

"Have another," said the newsboy, cheerfully.

The other turned and looked at him. The passers crowded by indifferently, impatiently. A newsboy might use the sidewalk for his business, permitted by the city and being skillful to get out of the way. Otherwise the sidewalk was for walking, not standing.

"You're enterprising," said the man, admiringly. "Don't know but I will."

"Evening papers! Times! Chronicle!"

The policeman shouted hoarsely through the tumult, the snowflakes danced on madly against the plate-glass windows, and the people bent their heads against the storm, intent, busy, hurrying, on Christmas eve.

The man with two papers turned out of Main Street into a region of dim-windowed residences, and then down hill to where Battle Street lay at the bottom. It was a street given up to tenements and small shops now, probably because unhealthful to begin with. He went down, and up the other side, till the brick wall guarding the grounds

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of St. James's Hospital made a great darkness in the street.

Thinking of success, the method of it, it seemed to him that the newsboy had sold him a paper which he had no real desire to buy. Success was assertion, vigor, cheerfulness, a standing in the bustle of things due to accident on the wing. Time was that ambition was called a grievous fault, and contentment was called gain. One soon tired of shallow reconciliations, of good senses and bad senses. After all, it was enterprise and not humility that served the world and fitted it for use and comfort.

"Papers."

The voice was so unimpressive that he hardly would have noticed it except for the silence of the street where the storm was broken by the shelter of the Hospital and the wall. He stopped and looked around. Except for himself and the figure in the darkness of the wall, there was no one in sight.

"Papers! No. Why, this is no place to sell anything. What do you come here for to sell papers?"

"I do' know," said the dusky figure, half inaudibly.

"Why don't you go down on Main Street?"

The other stood still a moment and then edged away in a scared manner. The man gave an exclamation of disgust and went on.

There was a specimen! So the world was burdened with people who could not or would not make themselves of use. They could not even put a decent cover on their futility. Poverty and failure! It was the oldest of laws that the competent should live and the incompetent should not. It was the only way for the world to become more competent. Poverty was one of the phenomena of elimination.

St. James's Hospital! It was an institution for thrusting back on society the incompetents that society had nearly gotten rid of. Main Street and Battle Street and the outside of St. James's wall insisted that the incompetents should not live, while St. James's itself insisted that they should. They fought each other.

The wind blew hard on the hill, for the city limits and the bare marshes lay beyond. St. James's Hospital dropped behind him—tiers of windows above its dark gardens. He turned in at the gate of a house which was like the other houses on the street, tall brick houses with green shutters.

It was occupied by certain men who called themselves a "Brotherhood." It was quite their own affair, what they called themselves—their work was in mission chapels, settlements, and enterprises of that kind. They were accustomed to come now and then to this house, and there to live, for the most part silently toward one another, for some days or weeks at a time, and then go back to their work. It appeared to be their theory that not only were daily solitudes good for them, but continuous longer periods necessary. They asserted that those of the ancient Church who went into the wilderness for a month or even a year at a time did so upon a principle, and knew what they were about. They thought that the strength and light which it was their business to carry to other people was not their own, but came to them from elsewhere, and by this means, they thought, they were able to obtain a larger amount of this strength and light. The method was also, of course, their own affair.

The man with two papers was shown into a plainly furnished room where a gentleman in a black clerical coat rose to meet him.

"Mr. Leverett."

"I bring you one of my conundrums, Father Ames. How did there come to be two laws that fight each other?"

The blue flames of the coal fire threw uncertain shadows at the pale pictures about the walls. Father Ames was a notable man, large, thick-bearded, full-blooded, self-controlled. The lamplight showed Leverett to be a younger man, with a quick manner.

"Still," he was saying, "this remains, that, on the one hand, it is said the meek shall inherit the earth, and, on the other, I don't see any tendency to pass over to them any such inheritance. Moreover, I don't like the meek. That boy by the hospital wall was meek, and I didn't like him. He was a fail-

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ure. The other was self-assertive, and I liked him. He was a success. What is the difference between being 'poor in spirit' and poor-spirited? The man who takes no thought for the morrow we call shiftless. Life has risen from the beginning, and from stage to stage, not by such people, but by getting rid of them. Your line of work is to pick them up and put them back, and to render its riddance of no account; and that, I take it, is Christianity. But there seems to be a clash."

"I don't like shallow reconciliations either," said the other, slowly, "though I suppose there are such things as reconciliations. There is a clash. There are two laws that fight each other. I take it one of them is old and the other somewhat new. I don't know, either, how they're coming out. It is a conundrum that, for the most part, I give up. But I see this far—that your law of the selection of those most fit for life deals with men in bulk, and the new law, of compassion for those who are unfit, deals with individuals. With your law, Smith the shoemaker is an item that counts only in the mass, and it makes little difference what happens to him. With mine, Smith the shoemaker is a single and inimitable soul, who counts by himself, and it makes every difference what happens to him. And it seems to me the question, What is to become of this man and that man? is separate from the question, What is to become of mankind on the earth? how is it to thrive and grow more capable? My law concerns them one by one, for it is personal to each; and your law concerns mankind, and what you call society. I admit that your law is as real as mine, but I believe my law is as real as yours."

When Leverett was again in the street, walking down past St. James's Hospital wall, the wind had somewhat lessened, and the snow was falling more quietly. He did not expect to find, in the same place, the boy whose dull incompetence had disgusted him, who tried to do business by shrinking into the darkness and hiding himself. But something, shuffling ahead of him in the darkness, presently came out under the gaslight—a slight figure carrying a small bundle of papers. They were not even wrapped up to protect them from the snow. Even little precautions would seem to require too much energy of an incompetent.

The boy moved down the hill and turned to the right at Battle Street. The blocks here were mainly tenements above and shops on the street—bakers' shops, grocers', barbers', and saloons. But it was late, and only the saloons and a few shops were open. Leverett turned the corner and stopped, for the boy was not in sight.

A policeman came down Battle Street, pacing his beat, and, seeing him peering ahead anxiously, stopped too.

"Anything going on?" asked the policeman.

Leverett turned around.

"I was following some one and he's gone. He had papers to sell, and he planted himself where there was no one to sell them to. I asked him why, and he didn't know. It seemed curious. I didn't see how he'd get along."

"Oh," said the policeman, cheerfully, "I know that kind. They're about here, mostly, this section."

"How do they get along?"

"They don't get along. They die off."

"Do they always?"

"Oh, they make a little, now and then, as it happens. Sometimes they get to nabbing things, and then they're apt to stay in that line."

A few hundred feet down the street was a grocery, with a snow-laden awning over a broad window that was thrust forward, making a dark corner on either side. A string of chickens and one turkey dangled at the edge of the window. There was a stand or shelf with a row of canned goods on it. The window-panes were coated with frost.

"Is that the chap?" asked the policeman.

Leverett saw now, what the more practiced eye of the officer had discovered, a figure in the further corner, the light of the grocer's window reflected dimly across his face.

"He'll nab something in a minute," said the policeman, calmly, "and then I'll run him in. That's foolish to-night.

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There's lots of stuff given away to-night, if he'd ask for it."

"How do you know that he'll do that?"

"Oh, well, maybe he won't."

The policeman moved on slowly close to the dark buildings. Leverett stood still watching.

Did it make so great a difference, then, what became of the single soul? Was it possible that there was a watching and waiting somewhere to see what it did, the dull glimmering thing?—that there was an importance in it not measured or diminished by the number of the others? Leverett imagined it as standing quite alone in a kind of wilderness of night, with a strange, wild, dim battle about it.

The policeman stepped across the light. There was a slight helpless cry in the silent street. The door of the shop opened, and the stout grocer stood in the door when Leverett came up. The boy held a can of something in his hand. He had not had enterprise enough to drop it. The policeman held his arm.

"Vell," said the grocer. "So! If he haf ask, maybe I gif him someding on Christmas. Vat for, eh?"

"Come along, now," said the policeman, but not roughly.

"Officer," said Leverett, suddenly, "let me have him."

"What for?"

"Father Ames—"

"Oh," said the policeman. "Yes, I know him. Sure."

"It won't do him any good to go to the station-house."

"I do' know as it's supposed to," said the policeman, doubtfully. "But they ain't so afraid of it as they are of the hospital. I don't know but Schmidt has the right to say."

"Me!" stammered the grocer. "I don' say. I gif him ten cents. He go where he like for me."

"I expect he'd as lief go to the station-house as anywhere," said the policeman, still doubtful. But he dropped the boy's arm. Leverett took it and led him away.

The grocer murmured feebly, "I gif him ten cent," but they did not stay. Leverett was silent, and the boy shuffled along beside him, up past St. James's Hospital wall, and so into the square house of the Brotherhood.

Father Ames rose politely, and looked somewhat amused.

"Hello!" he said. "Well?"

"It's an inimitable soul, maybe," said Leverett. "What do you do with it?"

The incompetent crept close to the grate and seemed to appreciate heat. The two men stood and looked at each other.

"Why," said Father Ames, "you don't do much with *it*, not so much as is sometimes made out. But I'll tell you what you do with *him*. You feed him."

The waif by the fire was looking up at the two men out of the corners of his furtive eyes.

CHRIST'S SECRET OF HAPPINESS

X.—THE BLESSEDNESS OF BATTLE

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

THE kingdom of heaven is like a seed growing secretly: first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear. In this growth are immaturities and imperfections which time alone can cure. We must not expect that the kingdom of God will immediately appear; we must await the slow processes of growth. And if this parable were a complete interpretation of the kingdom of God, we might leave time and growth to overcome all obstacles and cure all imperfections.

But the kingdom of God is also as a field in which an enemy has sown tares. Sin is not merely imperfection. It is not merely an immaturity which time will correct. It is deliberate, willful, intentional, malignant hostility to righteousness and peace and joy in holiness of

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spirit. There is a difference between an apple that is green and an apple that has a worm at the core. Growth will cure the greenness. But the worm will grow with the growth of the fruit. There is a difference between the rawness of a growing boy and the deliberate wickedness of a mature rascal. Time and patience will cure the one; they will only foster and promote the other. There are children born in our homes and immigrants landing on our shores whose greatest need is education; but there are also in our country enemies of righteousness, who need not to be taught, but to be fought. There are men who grow rich by robbery; there are others who fatten by fostering the appetites and passions of their fellow-men—despoilers of manhood and womanhood. "Woe unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field, till there be no place, that they may be placed alone in the midst of the earth! Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness; that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter! Woe unto them that are wise in their own eyes, and prudent in their own sight! Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink: which justify the wicked for a reward, and take away the righteousness of the righteous from him!" All these men are in America. Time and patience will not eradicate them nor counteract their scheming. Persuasions will not divert them. They must be met, exposed, fought. Strength of righteousness must be arrayed against strength of greed and vice. And in the battle which ensues soldiers must expect to receive blows as well as to give them.

As in the community, so in our children and in ourselves. There are imperfections and immaturities which time and patience will correct, faults which we shall outgrow. But there are also vices and sins which will grow with our growth and strengthen with our strength unless we destroy them, and which it were best for us to strangle in their infancy. The children in Laocoön's arms if left alone will grow from childhood to manhood; but when the serpent comes up out of the sea to kill both him and them, Laocoön must summon all his strength to destroy the serpent in a life-and-death struggle.

It is for this reason that the kingdom of God is won only by those who dare persecution. Life is a growth; but it is also a battle. And the battle is won only by the brave. A lazy wish for the kingdom of righteousness and peace and joy in holiness of spirit will accomplish nothing. Patient waiting will never vanquish Goliath; he will be conquered only by the youth who dares hazard everything in an encounter. It is for this reason that, in his list of the graces that go to make up a true character, Peter puts courage second: "Add to your faith virtue," that is, valor. It is for this reason that Christ so often declares it essential to discipleship. "And there went great multitudes with him: and he turned, and said unto them, Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple." Pilate wished to save Christ; he tried to save Christ; but when he saw that he must either sacrifice himself or the innocent man before him, he sacrificed the innocent that he might save himself; and his name has gone down to infamy with the names of Judas Iscariot and Caiaphas.

The days of battle are not over. Only now Persecution has changed his name: he calls himself Prudence. He whispers to the editor, Do not call evil that which public sentiment calls good, nor call that bitter which public sentiment calls sweet, or your subscription list will be cut down. He whispers to the politician, Do not antagonize the corruptionist, for he controls the machine, and you will lose your nomination and be put out of politics. He whispers to the man in the market-place, Why not lay field to field and house to house? This is success; and nothing succeeds like success. He whispers to the preacher, Be tactful, be considerate, be gracious to those that are wise in their own eyes and prudent in their own sight, or you will lose your influence. And this voice of Prudence drowns the voice of the Master counseling editor, statesman, merchant, preacher: Blessed are they that are persecuted: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

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Every man should seek counsel of two counselors: Courage and Caution. He should ask Courage, What shall I do? He should ask Caution, How shall I do it? Shall I give battle to the greed that lays field to field till there be no place, to the truckling that calls evil good and good evil, to the self-complacency that makes the Pharisee wise in his own eyes, to the self-indulgence that is mighty to drink and to mingle strong drink for others, to the corruption which justifies the wicked for a reward? Let Courage answer that question. How shall I arm myself for this battle? how array my forces to give hope of victory? Let Caution answer that question. If all the combativeness which Christians have employed in their conflicts with one another had been employed in battle against the common foe, and all the caution which has been exercised in restraining Christians from hazarding a battle against the common foe had been exercised in planning the campaign against him, the kingdom of God would be much nearer its realization on earth than it is to-day.

In such a campaign no man should enlist who does not expect to suffer and who does not dare to die. If he is not willing to have his deeds misreported, his utterances misunderstood, his motives maligned, his reputation blackened, his livelihood threatened, he does not belong in the army. The kingdom of God will never be won save by those who are willing to suffer for it. "The disciple is not above his master, nor the servant above his lord. It is enough for the disciple that he be as his master, and the servant as his lord."

Comment on Current Books

The Church and the Social Problem A wholesome and a tonic book is this from the President of Lawrence University, Wisconsin. It has been prepared by request to meet a need in the Methodist Church—a need, it must still be said, which exists in all churches, in which those who adequately realize the gravity of the present social problem, superficially economic but centrally moral, are comparatively few. There has been, as Dr. Plantz shows, a vast betterment going on for many years in the condition of the laborers, but justice, he contends, demands much more, and the Church is not yet actively sympathetic with the demand. Hence she is regarded with contemptuous indifference or bitter hostility. The facts presented in detail are enough to sting every nerve of effort to roll away deserved reproach. It is quite plain that the social half of the Gospel is not yet preached or exemplified in the churches as a whole, however many noble exceptions exist. What the churches can and ought to do to meet the crisis which threatens their moral leadership of the community is stated sanely, plainly, and in ample detail. Fault is not all on the side of the churches; fault on both sides is impartially recognized; but the duty of the churches to lead in amendment is the paramount consideration, and the way to lead is well laid out. It does not seem, however, that Dr. Plantz is judicious in narrowly identifying "Socialism" with the theories of Mr. Debs and Herr Marx, and attacking it as irreconcilable with Christianity. He, as well as they, insists on a reconstruction of the social environment, though in other points parting company. Nor is it correct to set Jesus' religion in antagonism to "Socialism" as "emphatically individualistic," seeing that he appealed to individuals with the ideal of a social good. But these one-sided views are canceled in the subsequent discussion by large admissions, at the cost of some incoherency. The book, as a whole, verifies the remark long ago made by the Belgian economist Émile de Laveleye, "The Church can never get rid of her socialistic base." (The Church and the Social Problem. By Samuel Plantz. Eaton & Mains, New York. $1.25.)

The Culture of the Soul An old subject is here presented from a new quarter. Since the third century mysticism has uttered its protest in the churches of the West against an orthodox formalism. Now it addresses us from India. Mr. Rámanáthan, Solicitor-General of Ceylon, left this volume in manuscript with friends who had invited him here to lecture, to be published, by their request, as a memorial of his spiritual teaching. It is the work of an essentially Christian mystic, apparently independent of, or unacquainted with, the great

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mystics of the West. He holds, like the Church of Rome, to an unwritten oral tradition supplementary to the Scriptures, but that this has been lost to the Western nations, and that "the only way of restoring the 'Spirit' in the true meaning of the words of the Bible is to secure their interpretation by 'able ministers' from the East *who are now living, and on whom the effulgence of His grace has been shed.*" These are introduced to us from India as the "*Jnánis*, or Knowers of the Truth or Wisdom"—of some of whom seemingly miraculous facts are narrated. The goal of their soul-culture is attained in "the knowledge of God"—not, however, where Christians generally seek it, as manifested in the world of visible forms and the world of thought, but "in his own true character as Absolute Being." The "pure consciousness" which thus apprehends the Infinite is apparently a state of pure *feeling*, in which thought itself is transcended and dropped. Jesus himself is described as a *Jnáni*, constantly refreshing himself for his work by this divine rest in God. The spirit of Mr. Rámanáthan's teachings is admirable, and his use of the Scriptures for confirmation is ingenious. What he speaks from a profound spiritual experience is incontestable. As an interpreter of Scripture he is to be classed with Swedenborg. His doctrine that the knowledge of God reaches its acme in a state of feeling disjunct from thought and will is psychologically impossible, as well as rationally untenable. Ecstasy does not constitute perfection. (The Culture of the Soul Among Western Nations. By P. Rámanáthan, K.C., C.M.G. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.25.)

Empires and Emperors Count Vay de Vaya, the author of these interesting and valuable studies of Russia, Siberia, and the Far East, is a member of one of the oldest and most distinguished families of Hungary. Early in life he abandoned the idea of a diplomatic career, for which he had been preparing, and devoted himself to the work of the Roman Catholic Church. A study of its missions and various organizations has taken him into all parts of the world, and his unique experiences are told with unusual simplicity and charm. His position has admitted him invariably into the presence of emperors, but his accounts are so utterly free from egotism or any special sense of privilege that the reader will at once suspect that his character is largely responsible for the cordiality and kindliness with which he is welcomed everywhere, among all sorts and conditions of men. The main part of the present volume was written on the eve of the Russo-Japanese War, and apart from the descriptions of the "traditions, quaint customs, and picturesque features of the land" (of which he has the artistic perception), Count Vay de Vaya interprets the more fundamental social, political, and religious conditions existing in the Far East, which are of special interest just at this period. In many ways the analysis of the Chinese people is the most noteworthy of these racial studies, although here as elsewhere the reader may feel that a kindly optimism now and then impairs the reality of the picture. (Empires and Emperors of Russia, China, Korea, and Japan: Notes and Recollections. By Monsignor Count Vay de Vaya and Luskod. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $4, net.)

Five Fair Sisters at the Court of Louis XIV This tells of an interesting episode in the history of the reign of Louis XIV. One cause of that dislike of the French people toward Mazárin which made him very largely despised where his predecessor Richelieu had been feared, was the fact that he was an Italian and his notorious parsimony was supposed to be in the interest of his Italian family. In point of fact, as this author points out, with a single exception he brought none of his relatives from Italy to share his wealth and power. Indeed, he used to declare, we are told, that the beautiful Italian works of art with which his palace was filled were the only relatives he desired to have with him. The one exception above referred to was his younger sister, the wife of a Roman Baron named Manzini and the mother of the five daughters whose story is recorded in this volume. Brought to France while they were still children, the sisters soon acquired a French training and became prominent figures in the court of Louis XIV. The part they played in the French social and political life through their marriages and their knowledge of court intrigue makes the record of their personal histories both entertaining and of interest as throwing light on the life of this great period in French history. (Five Fair Sisters. An Italian Episode at the Court of Louis XIV. By H. Noel Williams. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $3.50.)

The Making of England An exceptionally difficult period in English history is that allotted to Dr. Thomas Hodgkin by the editors of the Oxford "History of England," now in process of publication. It is that of the centuries intervening between the twilight of prehistoric times and the decisive battle of Has-

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tings. For much of this period the historian is dependent on the gropings of the archæologist, ethnologist, and numismatist; for the rest, on the fragmentary and often untrustworthy annals of Roman, British, Anglo-Saxon, and Norman chroniclers. True, the splendid labors of such scholars as Freeman, Green, Stubbs, Seebohm, and Vinogradoff have done much to dissipate the darkness, but many gloomy corners are still explorable only by conjecture. At present, therefore, the most that can be expected is an orderly, careful narrative in which the results of the latest research are fully utilized, and this Dr. Hodgkin has realized to a degree calling for hearty admiration. His style has little of the picturesqueness of Green, but it is certainly far more attractive than that of Freeman; he is cautious and conservative without being slavish, not hesitating to dissent from the highest authorities when his own researches indicate that the facts require dissent; and in some important respects he provides a clearer idea of conditions and events than it is possible to obtain elsewhere. Particularly is this true of his account of the introduction and spread of Christianity, and of the causes that from the time of Oswald co-operated to render the Anglo-Saxon an easy victim to the Norman. Special mention should also be made of Dr. Hodgkin's exposition of Anglo-Saxon laws and institutions, and of his portraits of Cuthbert, Bede, Dunstan, Alfred, Ethelred, and Canute. (The Political History of England. Vol. I. From the Earliest Times to the Norman Conquest. By Thomas Hodgkin, D.C.L., Litt.D. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $2.60, net.)

Power Lot There is always a tendency to exaggeration in Mrs. Greene's humor, but there is also a very genuine sympathy with what is best in human nature. This tale deals with the physical and moral regeneration of a dissipated young man of wealth who is sent to a poverty-stricken little seaside hamlet where he has to work to live. Some of the "natives" he encounters are as quaint and amusing as they are big-hearted. (Power Lot. By Sarah P. McLean Greene. The Baker & Taylor Company, New York, $1.50.)

The Rainy Day Railroad War This is a spirited and vigorous story for boys. It relates the history of a fight over the building of a railway through the timber lands in Maine. The young hero is an assistant engineer, and develops in this contest resourcefulness and courage. Mr. Day has written many sketches and poems of Maine life and one or two books which have been well received. So far as we know, this is his first book for boys, and it may be cordially praised. (The Rainy Day Railroad War. By Holman F. Day. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. $1.)

The World's Wit and Humor This is a compilation in fifteen volumes of selected passages, short stories, and poems, ranging in time from Homer to Kipling, from Lucian to George Ade. It need not be said that such a collection is not intended for "steady reading," but for the enlivenment of odd half-hours. Incidentally it affords the opportunity for some comparison of national differences in the sense of humor. This value of the work is aided by the introductory essays of the editors, and especially by the sensible remarks of Professor Brander Matthews in his paper on "The Humor of Continental Europe." The publishers are to be congratulated on the choice of Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, Mr. Andrew Lang, Dr. William Hayes Ward, and Professor Brander Matthews as editors, if it were only for their introductory articles, all of which are capital reading. We hope, however, that Mr. Lang is not responsible for the "Thomas Watson" which heads several pages of extracts from "Ian Maclaren," while the insertion, in the same volume of "British Humor," of E. W. Townsend between Barrie and Kipling is, we presume, merely a piece of unconscious humor by the binder in the individual copy before us. The general division of the work is five volumes to American humor, four to British, two to French, one each to German and Italian, one to Russian and miscellaneous countries, and one to the classical period and the Orient. Each selection is "complete and comprehensible." The work of selection appears to have been done with care and taste; not every extract will please every reader; but in hardly anything do people's judgments differ more widely than in their appreciation and lack of appreciation of humor; and it is also true that the greater the writer the more difficult it is to give a fair idea of his humor by extracts—Eugene Field's queer genius, for instance, may be sampled easily in a few pages, but Thackeray's humor is hardly more than indicated by the bits and scraps which can be made available for such a collection as this. On the whole, the editors and publishers have carried out with commendable thoroughness their expressed intention to make this the most comprehensive anthology of wit and humor in existence. (The World's Wit and Humor. Edited by Andrew Lang, Joel Chandler Harris, Professor Brander Matthews, and Dr. W. H. Ward. Review of Reviews Company, New York.)

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Letters to The Outlook

ENGLAND AND INDIA

I have carefully followed the article published in The Outlook of August 25, 1906, on the "great success" of the Indian Government as expressed by Mr. Morley in his recent Indian Budget speech in the British House of Parliament on July 21, 1906. I am a native of India studying here in America, and I thank you for bringing this subject before the American public through your valuable paper. As a native of India I am much more interested than any of you, and we have very much faith and hope in Mr. Morley's sympathetic attitude bearing on the future policy in governing India. But at the same time I cannot help remarking that undoubtedly Mr. Morley's speech is a one-sided view of the whole affair; and so through your medium I beg to attract the attention of unprejudiced American readers to the following facts before they come to any conclusion.

Here I give mainly the summary of what Mr. H. M. Hyndman publishes in the London Times of August 18, 1906, with a few additional facts: "There were more famines than ever known in the history of Hindustan in the last thirty years, and a loss of many millions of lives. Plague is increasing, and it is a disease of poverty (as expressed by the Plague Commission of 1900). Population is not increasing, and there is ten per thousand increase of death rate in the last thirty years. All these, it seems to me, ought to be taken into consideration before Mr. Morley's optimistic presentation of the care of the India Government is accepted as true."

Increase in the exports and imports, growing railway traffic, nominal surplus, "relief" of the "agricultural industry," survey of irrigation, lowering of the outrageous salt tax (which is about 1,500 per cent. on the cost), with an annual income of $5 and an annual tax of 85 cents per head, are "eulogized by Mr. Morley as success." But Mr. Morley carefully omitted all the ugly points in his summary.

The imports and exports in India include all the trade of the protected and border States, which are not undergoing the impoverishment to which the inhabitants of the British territory of India are subjected. When full allowance is made for all these, it has been calculated that British India is not importing more than (at the outside) 37 cents (1s. 6d.) worth of goods per head. Trade returns are no evidence of the increasing wealth of British India. Neither are the growing railway receipts. "Then why do the railways fare better in famine years?" Because of the increased transportation to the affected areas.

Then, about Mr. Morley's "relief" to agricultural industry—it exists only in his imagination. There are now large tracts of useless land in India that might be brought under cultivation if irrigation systems were extended. The Government of India has already "approved" of the extension. The estimated cost of these extensions is about $45,000,000, and the plans are to be carried out "as the funds can be provided." Only ten per cent. of the army expenditure applied to the irrigation would complete the system within five years; but instead of military expenditure being reduced, the army appropriation is increased more than $10,000,000 between 1904 and 1905. The army expenditure is recommended by Mr. Morley in his budget speech to be $90,000,000, which, in his "Liberal" opinion, is fully justified from the total revenue of $244,000,000—that is, more than a third of the total revenue of the country. (To anybody interested I would recommend the reading of Sir William Digby's "Prosperous India;" R. C. Dutt's "The Indian Famine;" and "An Open Letter to Lord Curzon on Indian Famines.") Moreover, the land tax has been increased from thirty to fifty per cent., due to the arbitrary increase of the rupee's value from 22 cents to 32 cents on the gold standard, the rent to be paid in the gold value. And this was carried out "for the benefit of the European interests, regardless of the welfare of the masses." Another fact is that the land tax is settled and collected before the crop is ripe, thus throwing the farmers at the mercy of the native money-lender's blood-sucking interest; and if the crop fails them, you can easily see that, in addition to famine, there is a loss of the land itself to pay the taxes, if nothing has been saved from the previous year's crop—and such saving is very rare. This condition has compelled many of the farmers to sell off their lands and swarm into the cities as beggars. (See Mr. Dutt's book.)

It is not possible to explain in detail about the failure of British administration in India in a short space. "The trouble is that England acquired India for England's advantage, not for India's, and that she holds India for England's benefit, not for India's. She administers India with an eye for England's interests, not India's, and she passes upon every question as a judge would were he permitted to decide his own case." (Bryan.)

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If we compare British rule in India with Russia, it is the more arbitrary and despotic of the two. In India the administration is by an alien people, whereas the officials in Russia are Russians. Also a large part of the taxes is taken from the country every year, whereas the Russian Government spends at home the money collected from the people.

A few more of the facts, such as the annual drain of $150,000,000 from India without return; $75,000,000 paid to the European officials every year (80 per cent. of the total pay); and with an annual grant of $7,000,000 only for educational purposes for all India —contrast $90,000,000 for army expenditure— with a result that only ten to twelve per cent. of the people are scarcely able to read and write; $28,000,000 only being spent for irrigation in India in one hundred and fifty years, and ten out of twelve being famine years: this undoubtedly explains Great Britain's "condemnable despotism." All these are underlying causes of the present widespread discontent, as is evidenced by the growth of the "Swadishi Movement" (national movement) in India, which has been referred to by Mr. Morley as a "new spirit in India." This Swadishi Movement is the organized body through which this "new spirit" is working, and is explained by the London Times as "the rise of a new political power in India."

YOTINDRA MOHAN BOSE.

MARIE ANTOINETTE AND TRADITION

I have been a reader of The Outlook for a number of years, and always enjoy the Spectator's paragraphs. I was particularly interested in what he had to say recently on relics and traditions, and in his account of an effort to trace a tradition concerning relics of Queen Marie Antoinette in America. This effort he says seems to have resulted in finding only a "shadow of a shadow." It may interest you to know that a portion of the substance which he so earnestly sought for is still in existence and in my possession.

No doubt many of the stories that have been circulated about royal belongings in the neighborhood of which he speaks are untrue or have grown from a grain of truth aided by ingenious guessing, and are entirely untrustworthy in their present form.

Some things, however, concerning this matter are positively known. The American ship Sally, originally built and owned by my great-great-uncle, Joseph Decker, of Wiscasset, Maine, was in service between that port and France, under the control of a merchant named Swan, and its captain, Stephen Clough, at the time of the French Revolution. There is a fairly well authenticated story that certain royal sympathizers, including Talleyrand, were concerned in a plot to secure the release of the Queen from prison and deport her to America. If there is any truth in this story, it seems to me not unlikely that a vessel might have been fitted out with articles such as would be necessary to furnish a home for a person of high rank in America, which was at that time largely in the condition of a wilderness, but where there was a kindly feeling toward the royal house of France.

At any rate, the story of the ship Sally and her equipment of royal belongings has been treated seriously by the Maine Historical Society (see Volume 15 [V.], Second Series). And the President of that Society during 1894, the Hon. J. P. Baxter, owned at that time a unique sideboard that is said to have been a part of that famous cargo.

To come down to the things positively known, Captain Stephen Clough, of the ship Sally, was a son-in-law of my uncle, Joseph Decker, and several years ago I obtained from his great-granddaughter a small piece of light-colored satin, discolored by age, on which was some delicate needlework in colors. I was told that the piece of cloth of which I secured a fragment had been cherished by the ladies of that household from generation to generation since it had been brought from Paris by Captain Clough, attested by the statement that he had witnessed the execution of Queen Marie Antoinette, and that this was a part of the garment that she wore on the scaffold.

Captain Clough had a daughter born soon after this event, and she was named after the ill-fated Queen, and became one of the first custodians of this relic. It was from her granddaughter that I received the fragment I possess.

Inasmuch as the conclusion which the Spectator expressed has had a tendency to cast a cloud over a cherished family tradition, I trust you will examine carefully such new assertions and references as I have brought to your attention. It seems to me that the plain, honest descendants of Captain Clough could have had no object in manufacturing such a story as goes with this relic, and it does not seem likely that such a thing would ever have come into their possession in a different manner from what is claimed.

WILBUR F. DECKER.

Minneapolis, Minnesota.

[The Spectator had no intention of casting a cloud over any one or anything, and has the highest respect for the worthy Captain Clough and his descendants. He was

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merely illustrating the unsatisfactory character of some of the evidence for traditions. To his mind this evidence is not strengthened by the foregoing interesting letter. Marie Antoinette, according to the best authorities (see quotations in the "Historians' History of the World," Vol. XII., page 332, and in Lenotre's "La captivité et le mort de Marie-Antoinette"), did *not* wear a dress of light-colored satin on the day of her execution: "Marie Antoinette cast off the black robe she had worn since her husband's death, and dressed herself in a white gown. A white handkerchief covered her shoulders, a white cap her hair. A black ribbon which bound this cap around her temples alone recalled to the world her mourning" (Lamartine). "She had on an undress of *piqué blanc*" (Carlyle). It is hardly to be presumed that the white garment of "coarse linen" (Lamartine) worn by the Queen could have been transformed into a light-colored satin in the course of time, but it is easy to assume that honest Captain Clough might have been deceived into buying a bogus souvenir vouched for by "an eye-witness" who is not named, and who does not appear, from the wording of the inscription (quoted in the Spectator's article August 25) on the similar relic preserved in Wiscasset, to have been the Captain himself. While the satin dress may conceivably have belonged at some time to the Queen, the Spectator submits that the evidence, in view of the above quotations, is doubtful. So with the furniture, tapestries, etc. "I was told that table belonged to Marie Antoinette" would by the Captain's hearer be innocently changed to "That table belonged to the Queen." The chapter in the Maine Historical Society's volume gives much credence to unverified tradition. "The family hearsay," it admits, "is that Captain Clough was in France three years during the Revolution, that he helped exiles and refugees save their treasures," etc. It also asserts, in connection with the Talleyrand tradition, that "Talleyrand hasted to Clough's ship" (in France) "and took passage with the royal goods for America, landing in 1794 at Wiscasset." But Talleyrand himself, in his Memoirs (published only within a few years), says that he sailed from London for America and landed at Philadelphia, and says nothing about royal goods. In an article in the New England Magazine for March, 1900, it is stated that "the descendants of Colonel Swan make no pretense of believing that the old French furnishings and costumes of the estate of Madame Swan were ever the personal property of Marie Antoinette." The Spectator now leaves the matter with the Historian.]

THE MORAL WAVE

Philip Loring Allen's article on "The Moral Wave and the Average Man" in your issue of August 11 suggests another view of the moral wave that is worthy of discussion. It has been a movement, as Mr. Allen points out, peculiar to the public man, the man of the street, the business man; and this suggests the thought, What relation exists between the moral wave and the churches, the ethical societies, and other institutions whose office it is to hold a higher vision before men's eyes? Can any one with a general knowledge of our religious life tell us of an increased activity in the churches just before the rising of this wave? Or can a similar wave be traced rising contemporaneously in the churches? In case neither of these can be shown, is it likely that the moral awakening, originating elsewhere, will extend to and quicken the churches?

Should it be shown, as one might assume from the character of the recent public awakening, that this desire for better things has developed in the man of the street quite apart from any direct movement or influence of organized moral or religious bodies, it would be an impressive fact well worth the trouble of establishing. If our business men can halt in the midst of many glittering temptations and not only hear but obey a call to higher duty, not from a Savonarola or a Luther, but from within themselves, it must be that the Spirit of Truth has gone out into the market-places, and that truly

> "God's in his heaven,
> All's right with the world."

The appearance in many prominent public offices of fearless men of high character, who believe it is practicable to be honest and fair and right, seems to have created in the mind of the ordinary man a new ideal of his own possibilities that he did not possess five years ago. He is not conscious of any change, so genuine is his new attitude, and yet a few years ago it would have been impossible to convince him of truths that he takes for granted now. Observing this change in business men, of course, is a familiar experience of any thoughtful person. Can it be said that the source of the recent public awakening is in the example of these true public leaders who, having nothing to hide, can take the people into their confidence?

Bridgeport, Connecticut. C. S. M.

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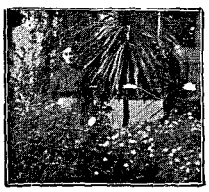

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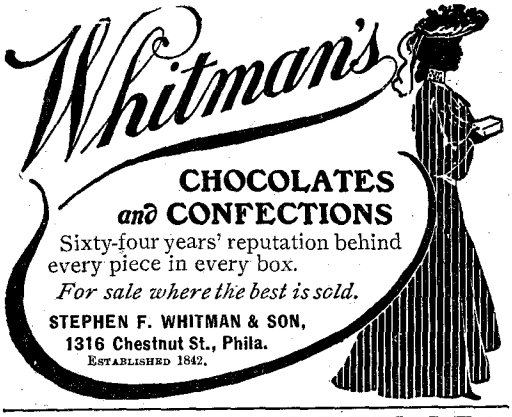

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